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THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

AN ANNIVERSARY STUDY.

AUGUST 1, 1798.

To readers of naval history, the First of August, as the anniversary of the Battle of the Nile, must always be a noteworthy day. It is not, indeed, to an Englishman, one of those days, to be marked evermore in white, on which a great, an almost intolerable, strain was relieved by such victories as Barfleur, Quiberon Bay, St. Vincent, or even Trafalgar; but, from the purely naval point of view, the Battle of the Nile is distinguished above all other battles at sea by its completeness, by the artistic finish and perfection of the work, even more than by its crushing effect on the schemes of the enemy. It is therefore worth while, as the day again comes round, to revert to the story of the past, and retrace the events which at once raised the name of Nelson to the loftiest pinnacle in the temple of fame.

In the latter part of 1796, when the French had overrun Italy, and forced a declaration of neutrality from Naples; when Spain had entered into a close alliance with France, and put her fleet at the disposal of the Directory, the English fleet, without allies or immediate interests in the Mediterranean, and unable—by reason of divers untoward circumstances—to oppose the threatening coalition, retired to Gibraltar and to Lisbon. With the exception of a few nameless privateers, the Mediterranean was, for the time, left to the enemy, who, ignorant of the very real power at the back of the retiring fleet, might be excused for believing that it was now, at last, a French lake. To them the

battle of St. Vincent conveyed no lesson. The English, they argued, had been forced out of the Mediterranean, and were not likely to return to it. Without danger of any serious hindrance from them, they believed themselves at liberty to carry out their own plans in their own way; and accordingly they designed, or rather permitted Bonaparte to design and to undertake, the conquest of Egypt, whence he might join hands with Tippoo Sultan and put an end to the English dominion in India.

In April, 1798, the news reached the Earl of St. Vincent, the Commander-in-Chief of the English fleet off Cadiz, that the French at Toulon were preparing a powerful expedition; and when, in the beginning of May, he was joined by Sir Horatio Nelson, newly come from England, he at once sent him into the Mediterranean with a small squadron to try and find out the truth of the matter. For Nelson to get off Toulon was an easy matter; to learn what the French were up to was more difficult. 'They order their matters so well in France,' he wrote to Lord St. Vincent, 'that all is secret.' He could only ascertain that they had fifteen line-of-battle ships ready for sea, and that numerous transports were embarking troops. He added: 'Reports say they are to sail in a few days, and others that they will not sail for a fortnight.'

Unfortunately, at the critical period, a violent storm drove him to the southward, dismasted his ship, the *Vanguard*, and obliged him to take refuge in a small harbour off the coast of Sardinia. The three line-of-battle ships remained together; but the frigates separated, and hastily concluding that, with his ship disabled, Nelson would be obliged to return to the fleet off Cadiz, they made the best of their way thither, and for some reason were not sent back. But by extraordinary exertions, and the able assistance of Sir James Saumarez, of the *Orion*, and more particularly of Captain Ball, of the *Alexander*, the *Vanguard* was refitted and ready for sea in four days. By May 31 the three ships were again off Toulon, but the harbour was empty. The French had, in fact, sailed with the same northerly wind which had treated the *Vanguard* so roughly. They had sailed; the water left no trail, and where they had gone to was a mystery.

Meanwhile, news of the French preparations had reached the Admiralty, and orders had been sent out to St. Vincent to detach a competent squadron to look out for the French expedition if it should put to sea, and endeavour to destroy it. At the same

time it was suggested to him that Nelson would be the most suitable man to put in command of this squadron. As Nelson was already in the Mediterranean on this very business, all that remained to do was to send him a sufficient reinforcement; and accordingly ten 74-gun ships, with the 50-gun ship *Leander* and the little brig *Mutine*, were sent off, under the command of Captain Troubridge in the *Culloden*, an old messmate and intimate friend of Nelson's from the days of their boyhood.

When these joined Nelson on June 7 he was still in doubt whether the French had not put into some anchorage in the northern part of Italy, in order to collect and organise their force. No definite news could be obtained, but on the 14th he was told that they had been seen near Sicily; and on the 17th, at Naples, he learned that they were at Malta. Thither he accordingly hastened, believing that the strength of the fortress would detain them till his arrival. He had not reckoned on the incapacity or the treachery of the Grand Master, who had delivered up the place on the first summons; and when passing Messina he received the disagreeable intelligence that the French had taken possession, had garrisoned the place, and left hurriedly, but no indication of their destination could be obtained. His instructions spoke vaguely of 'the Adriatic, Morea, Archipelago, or even the Black Sea;' but Nelson, considering all the circumstances of the armament, '40,000 troops in 280 transports, many hundred pieces of artillery, waggons, draught-horses, cavalry, artificers, naturalists, astronomers, mathematicians, &c.,' came to the conclusion that Egypt and India was their aim. 'Strange as it may appear,' he wrote, 'an enterprising enemy may with great ease get an army to the Red Sea; and if they have concerted a plan with Tippoo Sahib to have vessels at Suez, three weeks at this season is a common passage to the Malabar Coast, when our India possessions would be in great danger.'

Acting on a carefully reasoned-out opinion, which was, too, correct in its main features, Nelson at once made up his mind to look for them at Alexandria, which he reached on June 29, seven days after passing Cape Passaro. Still no word of the French. He could find no flaw in his argument, and even after having convinced himself that the French were not at Alexandria, he still maintained that he was right in looking for them there. And so, in fact, he was; for on leaving Malta on June 16 they steered for Alexandria. Nelson left Cape Passaro on the 22nd

steering in the same direction, passed them in the night of the 23rd, and reached Alexandria before them.

It has often been said that being so firmly convinced of the intention of the French, he ought to have seen that he must have passed them, and ought, therefore, to have waited for them. It is so easy to be wise after the event. It must be remembered that Nelson did not know that the French were coming to Alexandria, though he had believed it. He did not know that his squadron of 74-gun ships, one of them under jury-masts, sailed nearly twice as fast as the French fleet; and as, having sailed from Malta six days before he sailed from Cape Passaro, they had not reached Alexandria before him, he could only suppose that they had, after all, gone in some other direction. So he steered to the north, skirting the coast of Syria and of Carmania; and then, still hearing nothing of the object of his search, he went to Syracuse, where his ships filled up their water and wine, and took on board also a considerable quantity of fresh beef in the form of live bullocks.

The squadron sailed from Syracuse on July 25, and three days later picked up intelligence that the French fleet and the crowd of transports had been seen a month before standing towards the east. In a moment it was clear to Nelson that his first judgment was correct—that the French had gone to Egypt, and he at once determined to go thither again to look for them. On July 31, as he was approaching Alexandria, he sent on two of his ships, the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure*, to examine the harbour; but by noon on August 1 he was sufficiently near with the whole squadron to see that it was crowded with French merchant ships, but that no men-of-war were there. If not there, it was clear to him that they must be to the eastward, and in that direction he turned to look for them. About three o'clock in the afternoon Captain Hood, of the *Zealous*, a second cousin of his namesake, Lord Hood, made the signal of the French fleet in sight—sixteen sail of the line. The signal was accurate in effect, though three of the sixteen were large frigates.

Into this Nelson did not stop to inquire. He had, in fact, supposed all along that the number of the French ships would be about sixteen; but he was fully persuaded that, to the fleet under his command, the odds of a few ships was a trifling matter. It was not only that he had confidence in himself and in the discipline of his ships, but also, and to an extreme degree, in the merit

of the captains under his orders. They were all men in the very prime of life—between thirty-five and forty. Many of them had known each other as lieutenants in the fleet under Rodney in the West Indies, sixteen or seventeen years before, and had taken part in the great battle of April 12, 1782. Others had been with Hughes in the East Indies, where the fighting, if not scientific on the side of the English, was at any rate very sharp. Four of them had commanded ships in the battle of Cape St. Vincent, eighteen months before. Seldom has a body of officers been got together of such a high and uniform standard of merit and experience. The uniformity of age, also, perhaps counted for something. There might be rivalry amongst them, but there were no petty jealousies, and Nelson's genial and considerate temper was a bond of union among them. They had become, as Nelson called them, a 'band of brothers;' and though several of them lived to achieve further distinction and attain high rank, it is by their share in the battle of the Nile that they are now principally remembered. It was a victory that ennobled all who fought in it; and, following up Nelson's own allusion, we may picture him as saying:—

This day is called the feast of *Lammas*;
 He that outlives this day and comes safe home
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of *Lammas*.
 He that shall live this day and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours. . . .
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember with advantages
 What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Nelson the chief, Foley and Saumarez,
Miller and Hood, Ball, Westcott, Hallowell,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered . . .
 And *Lammas-tide* shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered:
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.

During the long and anxious quest for the French fleet, Nelson had lost no opportunity of summoning the several captains on board the *Vanguard*, and with them, in friendly converse, discussing the plan of the battle which was the goal of their hopes. It is not to be supposed that he consulted them as to what was to be done. No man ever lived more firm in his own convictions, more absolutely fearless of responsibility, than was Nelson. But having formed his plan, he explained it fully to them in all its

bearings. No one could say that they might not meet the enemy's fleet at sea; or—if so meeting it—whether they would be to windward or leeward of it. Each possible situation required to be considered, and for each case it was fully explained what would probably be done, Nelson reserving the final decision till the occasion should arise and show him what would be most fitting.

As under a press of sail, on the afternoon of August 1, he drew near the French fleet and discovered it in Aboukir Bay, at anchor in single line along the coast, almost in the direction of the wind, he immediately saw that by concentrating his attack on the weathermost end of the line, the French ships towards the other end, however good their will and prompt their resolution, would be, for a considerable time, unable to support their friends or to take any part in the fighting. Before they could possibly interfere, the ships of the weathermost end must be overpowered by numbers and taken or destroyed. All this appears now so self-evident, so much a matter of course, that it has become a commonplace of naval tactics; and at the present day, more especially since the employment of more speedy and more certain means of destruction, any admiral who allowed his fleet to be caught at anchor in such a position would be rightly held guilty of criminal negligence and stupidity. A hundred years ago this was not the case, and though some English officers—probably also some French—had suggested the method of attack, it had never been carried out, either from want of nerve in the commander-in-chief, or from some other untoward circumstances.

There is, however, no doubt that the possibility of such a case arising had suggested itself to Nelson, and that it had been examined in all its details. It had been pointed out that where there was room for the French ships to swing there must be room between them and the shore for English ships to pass; and the possible advantage of going inside the French line, if at anchor along the coast, had been explained. For many months Nelson had enjoyed the confidence of Lord Hood, so far as a man of thirty-six can have the confidence of one twice his age, and from him had learned the minute details of his exploit at St. Kitt's in January, 1782, and of Rodney's celebrated action of April 12, 1782. He thus knew that on that day, when the French were clearing for action, they had piled up all the mess gear—tables, stools, chests, buckets, crockery, and such like—on the larboard side of the decks, in expectation of being engaged only on the

starboard side, the side nearest to the advancing English, and were thus at a terrible disadvantage when Rodney, followed by a large part of his fleet, passed through their line and engaged them on the larboard side. Their guns on that side were blocked up and could not be worked, and the tables, stools, &c., struck by shot, became formidable missiles, and swept away the men by wholesale. Several of the captains now with Nelson—notably Saumarez, Foley, Hood, and Miller—had been with Rodney on that great day, and must often have heard the circumstance spoken of; so that the suggestion that it might be well to pass inside, if the depth of water permitted, at once commended itself to them. But this was a question which could not be answered beforehand, and as to which the decision, even at the time, must be left to the leading ship.

And meanwhile the French were making what preparations they could. Their admiral, Brueys, believed that, lying as he was, with a battery of guns on the island of Aboukir supporting the head—the western extremity—of his line, he was not in much danger of immediate attack, though he thought that very probably the English might, next morning, make some desultory attempt on his rear, out of range of the battery on Aboukir Island. None the less, he had taken all reasonable precautions according to the science of the age. From the merchantmen and transports in Alexandria he had already filled up the complements of his ships, which—on account of the number of soldiers on board—had left France much below their normal strength. The parties on shore watering when the English were first discovered were hastily recalled, and many men from the frigates were drafted to the ships of the line, so as to increase the available force at the guns. The ships were brought into more exact line by springs on their cables or other means, and there was nothing to show Brueys that his fleet was not quite equal to any emergency, more especially as the English, though equal in number of ships, were inferior in size, tonnage, number and weight of guns, and number of men. The French flagship, a huge three-decker of 120 guns, first built as the *Dauphin Royal*, renamed the *Sans Culotte* in the time of revolutionary frenzy, and now, in a third edition, named the *Orient*, was, in material force, equal to any two of the English 74-gun ships. Similarly, the French 80's—the *Franklin*, *Tonnant*, and *Guillaume Tell*—were large, heavily armed ships, to which the English could only oppose 74's; and, fighting

at anchor, any advantage which the English might have from superior seamanship was lost to them. Still, as has been said, the French had no expectation of immediate action, and still less of an action of the peculiar, the unprecedented character of that which followed. It was altogether of the nature of a surprise, in itself most demoralising; and though they made a stout defence, they were virtually beaten by the first broadsides of the English ships.

As the English advanced, drawing into line as they did so, a deplorable accident occurred, which, by weakening the fleet of one of its best ships, may fairly be considered the cause of the want of absolute completeness in the victory. Four days before, the *Culloden*, commanded by Captain Troubridge, an officer of rare energy and skill, had seized a small French brig laden with wine, which she took in tow, so that, when opportunity offered, her cargo might be distributed through the fleet. When the French fleet was discovered she cast off the prize, but she was then several miles astern, and in hastening to take up her proper station at the head of the line she ran on to the extreme end of the shoal, which is a prolongation, for some miles to the north, of Aboukir Point, rising above the surface, about midway, as Aboukir Island. There she stuck fast. Every effort which Troubridge's skill or experience could suggest was made, but in vain; and the only consolation for the misfortune was that she served as a buoy for the benefit of the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure*, which, being still farther astern, and not coming up till after dark, would infallibly have stuck on the same shoal had they not been warned by the fate of the *Culloden*.

As the English drew near, forming line as most convenient, there was a friendly struggle for the honour of leading between Foley in the *Goliath*, Hood in the *Zealous*, and Miller in the *Theseus*; but Nelson having delayed the latter two to give some verbal directions to their captains, the *Goliath* was left the headmost ship, the others closely following. Nelson had signalled that he intended to attack the enemy's van. It was thus left for Foley to determine whether he was to pass inside or not; that is, to ascertain whether there was sufficient depth of water for the *Goliath* and other 74's to pass ahead of and inside the French line. The question was, happily, decided by a young midshipman, afterwards Sir George Elliot—a son of Nelson's good friend Sir Gilbert Elliot, first Earl of Minto—who was able to

point out to Foley the anchor-buoy of the *Guerrier*, the headmost French ship; and its distance from the *Guerrier*'s bow gave conclusive evidence that there was room to pass.

As the *Goliath* was running along the French line thus obliquely towards the *Guerrier*, the ships and the battery opened their fire briskly enough, but with singularly little result. On the other hand, the *Goliath*, having reserved her fire, passed close under the bows of the *Guerrier*, and poured in her fire at the distance of but a few yards with unerring aim and most destructive effect. The *Zealous*, closely following her, did exactly the same, bringing down the *Guerrier*'s foremast, and making a hole in her bow that 'a coach and four might be driven through.' Miller's own account of the *Theseus*, in a letter to his wife, is:—

'In running along the enemy's line in the wake of the *Zealous* and *Goliath*, I observed their shot sweep just over us, and knowing well that at such a moment Frenchmen would not have coolness enough to change their elevation, I closed them suddenly, and, running under the arch of their shot, reserved my fire, every gun being loaded with two and some with three round shot, until I had the *Guerrier*'s masts in a line, and her jib-boom about six feet clear of our rigging. We then opened with such effect that a second breath could not be drawn before her main and mizen-mast were also gone. This was precisely at sunset, or forty-four minutes past six.'

Almost at the same moment, and nearly abreast of the *Theseus*, the *Orion* passed round a little further off, and the *Audacious* passed between the *Guerrier* and the ship astern of her, the *Conquérant*, treating the *Conquérant* very much as her friends had treated the *Guerrier*. This tremendous attack virtually disposed of the French van. The *Vanguard* and other ships following anchored outside, and by half-past eight the five headmost ships of the French line had surrendered and been taken possession of.

And so the tide of battle gradually rolled down towards the French rear, which, as though paralysed, made no effort, and quietly awaited its doom. The ships individually fought bravely, but there was no attempt at collective action, and they were singly overpowered. The huge *Orient* was at first engaged by the *Bellerophon* alone, which, by a mischance, lay exposed to her tremendous broadside and was speedily reduced to a wreck. She cut her cable and drifted out of the fight, but her place was taken

by the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure*, which did not come into action till about eight o'clock, and anchored, one on the bow the other on the quarter of the *Orient*. Even before this time it had been seen that the *Orient* was on fire between decks. This was apparently extinguished, but some little time after she was again on fire under the poop. It was never certainly known how this fire originated, but it was supposed, with every appearance of probability, to have been caused by the ignition of a pile of carcasses—shells filled with inflammable composition—on the poop. French writers have, indeed, denied the possibility of this; but that the French ships did carry such things was proved by their actual presence on board some of the prizes. As the fire gathered strength, the *Alexander* directed her guns on the spot, so as to prevent its being extinguished, and about ten o'clock the ship blew up with a terrific explosion.

This is Captain Miller's account of an incident which has been a fertile source of inspiration for painters and poets: 'The *Orient* caught fire on the poop, when the heavy cannonade from all the *Alexander's* and part of the *Swiftsure's* guns became so furious that she was soon in a blaze, displaying a most grand and awful spectacle, such as formerly would have drawn tears down the victors' cheeks; but now pity was stifled as it rose by the remembrance of the numerous and horrid atrocities their unprincipled and bloodthirsty nation had been and were committing, and when she blew up about eleven o'clock, though I endeavoured to stop the momentary cheer of the ship's company, my heart felt scarce a single pang for their fate.' Some of the men and officers were, however, picked up, but the greater number went down with the ship and the 600,000*l.* which she had on board. It will be remembered that about eight years ago a company was formed to recover this and other treasure from the sunken ships; but though they claimed to have determined the position of the wrecks, the search for the coin proved fruitless. The Casabianca legend, as related by Mrs. Hemans in verses dear to governesses, is fictitious in all save the fact that the Casabiancas, father and son, did perish. They were hurled into the water together, and were seen swimming, but were lost sight of in the darkness and were drowned.

With the blowing up of the *Orient* the victory, already certain a couple of hours before, was practically won. What remained was to make it as complete as possible, and in that the

remainder of the night was passed. The fighting was desultory, but often renewed. 'Towards morning,' wrote Miller, 'my people were so extremely jaded that, as soon as they had hove our sheet anchor up, they dropped under the capstan bars, and were asleep in a moment in every sort of posture, having been then working at their fullest exertion or fighting for near twelve hours, without being able to benefit by the respite that occurred; because while the *Orient* was on fire I had the ship completely sluiced, as one of our precautionary measures against fire or combustibles falling on board us when she blew up.'

By the forenoon of August 2, nine of the French ships had been taken or destroyed. The *Tonnant*, though not yet surrendered, had been dismasted, had cut her cables, and had drifted on shore. The *Généreux*, the *Guillaume Tell*, and the *Timoléon* with two frigates attempted to fly; but the *Timoléon* was cut off, turned, and ran herself on shore, where by the shock her masts went over the side. The other two with the frigates escaped for the time, but were both captured some eighteen months later, much to the gratification of Nelson, who looked on it as the satisfactory conclusion of the task for which he was sent into the Mediterranean. During the 2nd the *Timoléon* and *Tonnant* were left to themselves while more pressing work was being attended to; but on the 3rd the *Tonnant* was taken possession of by a party from the *Theseus*, and the *Timoléon* was set on fire by her own men, who escaped to the shore.

This, then, was the end of the battle. Eleven out of thirteen French ships of the line had been taken or destroyed, and two of the four frigates. It was not a victory; it was a conquest. So wrote Nelson concerning it. It is unnecessary here to speak of the titles and rewards which were showered on the victor. It is of more real interest to consider the true significance of the victory, the sense in which it could be said to be a 'conquest.' In England we have too much accustomed ourselves to look on it merely as the most brilliant of sea-fights, and in France it has been spoken of as a reverse indeed, but one which cannot cloud the splendour of the battle of the Pyramids. None the less it was the conquest of Egypt; it was the isolation and virtual imprisonment of the French army. Bonaparte understood this from the first, and after a vain and hopeless campaign in Syria—hopeless against the power which commanded the communications by sea—he made an ignominious flight, leaving Kléber to get the army

out of the mess in which he had put it. Nelson, too, understood it, and wrote on August 11: 'The French army is in a scrape. They are up the Nile without supplies. The inhabitants will allow nothing to pass by land, nor H.N. by water. Their army is wasting with the flux, and not a thousand men will ever return to Europe.' And some months later, March 22, 1799, he wrote: 'The ambassador of Bonaparte has been intercepted by Troubridge on his way to Constantinople, and amongst other articles of his instructions is . . . an offer to enter on terms for his quitting Egypt with his army. This offer is what I have long expected the glorious battle of the Nile would produce; but it was my determination from that moment never, if I could help it, to permit a single Frenchman to quit Egypt. . . . To Egypt they went with their own consent, and there they shall remain whilst Nelson commands the detached squadron.' A letter from Kléber to the Directory, written only a month after Bonaparte had deserted his post, reveals the hopelessness which was felt. 'I know,' he wrote, 'all the importance of the possession of Egypt. I used to say in Europe that this country was for France the fulcrum by means of which she might move at will the commercial system of every quarter of the globe. But to do this effectually a powerful lever is required, and that lever is a navy. Ours has ceased to exist. Since that period everything has changed, and peace with the Porte is, in my opinion, the only expedient that holds out to us a method of fairly getting rid of an enterprise no longer capable of attaining the object for which it was undertaken.' The one man who had anything to do with the matter, on either side, who did not understand this was Sir Sidney Smith; and he, gallant fellow as he was, was persuaded that he and his achievements—themselves only corollaries of the battle of the Nile—were bringing the French to terms, and he did his best to undo the whole work by sanctioning the blundering convention of El Arish. That it did not take effect was not Smith's fault.

J. K. LAUGHTON.

AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES.¹

ALTHOUGH the American millionaire, as a distinct class, is of recent and rapid growth, in the language of his land, 'he has come to stay;' and, as a permanent feature in transatlantic life, is now worthy of study. For one of the most clearly marked features of this new moneyed class is a desire to found a family; to give the lie to the old idea that in the United States 'from shirt sleeve to shirt sleeve is three generations.' Both in the Vanderbilt and Astor families the tendency has been for several generations to leave at least two-thirds of the money to one son, while in the Gould will the remarkable provision is made that no child shall marry without the consent of a majority of all the children; and all the children are prohibited from willing any portion of their inheritance to any but their own issue.

The national wealth of the Republic in 1896 is placed by most able and conscientious experts at about seventy-six thousand million dollars or, say, sixteen thousand million pounds sterling. It is claimed that the millionaire class numbers 4,000. If we credit each man in this class with ten million dollars, and deduct the 'class millions' from the national wealth, it still shows a per capita wealth of the citizens of the Republic equal to 100*l.*, which is an increase of 66 per cent. over the same per capita wealth forty-five years ago. The millionaire class, it would thus appear, has not grown rich by making other classes poorer; it has only secured a larger share of new wealth, wealth which it aided largely in creating. As a class, then, it cannot fairly be called an evil. Let us then judge by individual records.

Commodore Vanderbilt, who made the first Vanderbilt millions, was born just a century ago. His capital was the traditional bare feet, empty pocket, and belief in his luck—the foundation of so many American fortunes. Hard work, from six years of age to sixteen, furnished him with a second and more tangible capital, namely, 100 dollars in cash. This money he invested in a small boat; and with that boat he opened a business of his own—the transportation

¹ The writer of 'American Millionaires' prefers, perhaps not unnaturally, to remain anonymous. It must, however, be said that he is an American, and that he knows at first hand the men and the cities he describes.—ED. *Cornhill*.

of vegetables to New York. At twenty years of age he married, and man and wife both turned moneymakers. He ran his boat. She kept an hotel. Three years later he was worth 10,000 dollars. After that his money came rapidly—so rapidly that when the civil war broke out, the boy, who had started with one boat, value 100 dollars, was able to present to the nation one of his boats, value 800,000 dollars, and yet feel easy about his finances and his fleet. At seventy years of age he was credited with a fortune of seventy millions, and was a happy man bar one sorrow—his eldest son. That son he never mentioned to his friends. The boy, in his father's opinion, was stupid, lazy, shiftless. He would never wake up. He had no brain, no ambition. The Commodore kept this son out of sight on a farm. One day the Commodore had a surprise. The stupid son, now 43 years of age, had 'traded' his shrewd old father out of half a million dollars in a speculation. That was the happiest moment of Commodore Vanderbilt's life. William H. Vanderbilt, 'the stupid boy,' was called home from the farm, and in three months was in full control of his father's great fortune. His quiet farm life had given him a clear head, iron nerves, unlimited capacity for work. In eight years after his father's death he doubled his inherited fortune, and dying, respected by all classes, left an estate to his children of 200,000,000 dollars. Of this fortune his son Cornelius received fifty-nine million dollars, William K. Vanderbilt fifty-seven, and each of the six remaining children twelve million dollars. His widow was provided with a yearly income of 200,000 dollars for life, and given the use of the family mansion rent free. Since this distribution the money has been well managed, and to-day is said to represent all combined at least 400 million dollars. One peculiarity of the Vanderbilt history is this. The old Commodore, his son William H., and his grandsons Cornelius and William K. Vanderbilt have all possessed such marked executive ability that, stripped of their millions, each would have found it easy to secure positions of trust and large pay for his services. The Vanderbilt fortune has grown, it is true, with the growth of New York and the Republic, like the Astor millions. But it is equally true that the Vanderbilts have by their energy and enterprise largely assisted that national development. They have made millions for themselves, but they have made many more millions for the American people in doing so. In recorded charities the Vanderbilts have given away about ten million dollars; in unrecorded as many more.

While on the subject of the Vanderbilts, let me show a strange contrast between the 'ideal homes' of two brothers—Cornelius and George Vanderbilt. The home of the former is a stone palace on Fifth Avenue, which cost with its contents over five million dollars, and it has a garden. That garden is but a narrow city lot, yet it cost over 400,000 dollars, because a brown stone house, comparatively new, was pulled down to make room for three beds of blossom and a few square yards of turf. The whole establishment covers less than one acre of the earth's surface. This is the ideal home of Cornelius Vanderbilt. Last year I visited George Vanderbilt's six million dollar home in the very heart of the North Carolina mountains; and I found it very hard to leave that wonderful view from the terrace, of fifty mountain peaks, some over 6,000 feet in height, and the valley of the beautiful French Broad. This Vanderbilt farm contains 180 square miles of country. You can drive in a straight line from the house thirty-five miles without getting out of the Vanderbilt property. Roads, in splendid condition, lead to all parts. There is a game preserve of 20,000 acres, and two fishing rivers. Near the house are sunken gardens, greenhouses, a tennis court, to make which a retaining wall sixteen feet thick and forty feet high was built. There is a bowling green 200 feet wide and 700 feet long, surrounded by a hand-carved granite balustrade. The house itself is 300 feet one way, by 200 feet the other; a bit of old France for architecture. Three hundred stonemasons have been kept busy for three years; it will take the same force as much longer to complete the work in hand. When the 'home' is finished it will represent an investment of six million dollars. And the land, it must be remembered, cost little. The southern folk seem very proud of their new Northern millionaire. For his disbursements in the neighbourhood, which for three years have never fallen below 15,000 dollars a week, have put new money into many pockets, new hope into many hearts.

The Astor fortune owes its existence to the brains of one man and the natural growth of a great nation, John Jacob Astor being the only man in four generations who was a real money-maker. The money he made, as he made it, was invested in New York City property; the amount of such property is limited, as the city stands upon an island. Consequently the growth of New York city, which was due to the growth of the Republic, made this small fortune of the eighteenth century the largest

American fortune of the nineteenth century. The first and last Astor worthy of study as a master of millions, was therefore John Jacob Astor, who, tiring of his work as helper in his father's butcher's shop in Waldorf, went, about 110 years ago, to try his luck in the new world. On the ship he really, in one sense, made his whole fortune. He met an old fur-trader who posted him in the tricks of Indian fur-trading. This trade he took up and made money at. Then he married Sarah Todd, a shrewd, energetic young woman. Sarah and John Jacob dropped into the homely habit of passing all their evenings in their shop sorting pelts. They lived in most economical fashion over that shop. Such industry and economy, in a new country, are always rewarded. In fifteen years John Jacob and Sarah his wife had accumulated 250,000 dollars. And then the modest couple decided they could afford to rent a small house, and they moved away from the rooms above the shop. A lucky speculation in United States' bonds, then very low in price, doubled John Jacob's fortune; and this wealth all went into real estate, where it has since remained. John Jacob Astor died in 1848; his son doubled the fortune chiefly by letting things alone, and died in 1875. His eldest son, who got the bulk of the property, doubled his inheritance by the same policy of 'hold fast, improve, and buy more real estate,' and died in 1890. William Waldorf Astor now has the largest end, perhaps four-fifths, of the Astor millions, and is credited with 80 to 100 millions sterling, or say from 400 to 500 million dollars. The Astor millions have always been well handled, and on a clearly marked line of policy. No property was to be sold; each generation, out of its income, was to add to that property. The estate was to build on its own land, and rent such buildings. And no property in America has ever been kept in such splendid repair. In America, it should be said, the repairing is done by the landlord, not the tenant. The head of the Astor family has always been a good citizen. The family have given in public charities about six million dollars, and for three generations no member has been engaged in 'trade.'

To the average man, San Francisco has always seemed the City of the Golden Gate in a very literal sense. And it comes, therefore, as only natural, to find a certain tinge of romance in the story of Californian millionaires. They are many. But one group—the Central Pacific Railway builders—will serve to illustrate the class. Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, Mark Hopkins,

and Collis P. Huntington, all drifted west on the gold fever tide of 1849. They succeeded as money-getters in a small way, and Stanford had secured the position of Governor of the State of California, when the idea of building a trans-continental railway was conceived. A few years later Congress was persuaded to aid in its construction by a subsidy of 16,000 dollars a mile, in bonds, for track laid over the level country, and 48,000 dollars a mile for that built across the mountains. And to this was added an immense land grant.

These four men saw 'millions in it,' and in a few days formed a combination to build the road; each contracting to do one-fourth of the work. Stanford personally superintended the building of 530 miles which he completed in 293 days, although 100 miles of this road cost over 20,000,000 dollars to construct. The four men, penniless in 1850, are to-day credited with a combined fortune of 200,000,000 dollars. One of them, Leland Stanford, had designed to found a family; but ten years ago his only son died, and he then decided to establish a university in memory of that son. And he did it in princely fashion, for while yet 'in the flesh' he 'deeded' to trustees three farms containing 86,000 acres, and, owing to their splendid vineyards, worth 6,000,000 dollars. To this he added 14,000,000 dollars' worth of securities, and at his death left the university a legacy of 2,500,000 dollars—a total gift, by one man, to one institution of learning of 22,500,000 dollars, which is said to be a 'world's record.' His wife has announced her intention to leave her fortune, some 10,000,000 dollars, to the university. Leland Stanford was elected a senator for California. Two of his old partners have palaces in Fifth Avenue. The second generation of the Crockers are able, energetic men, and have increased their inherited millions.

Of more recent growth than the Pacific Railway 'millions' is the famous Standard Oil combination; and yet its sum of millions is nearly three times as large. Indeed, judged by the rule of rapid growth, it is the most remarkable instance of money-making shown in the history of American millions. Thirty years ago five young men, most of them living in the small city of Cleveland (State of Ohio), and all comparatively poor (probably the whole party could not boast of 10,000*L.*), saw monetary possibilities in petroleum. In the emphatic language of the old river pilot, 'They went for it thar and then,' and they got it. To-day that same party of five men are worth 600,000,000 dollars. And they

are making money still at almost the old rapid rate; for in May 1896 the 'Standard Oil' paid one quarterly dividend of ten per cent., or a distribution of 2,000,000%. Of course, the 'Standard' is a 'wicked monopoly,' and has had 'rude' things said about it. But that is a way the world has, and perhaps always will have. John D. Rockefeller, the brain and 'nerve' of this great 'trust,' is a ruddy-faced man with eye so mild and manner so genial, that it is very hard to call him a 'grasping monopolist.' His 'hobby' now is education, and he rides this hobby in robust, manly fashion. He has taken the University of Chicago under his wing, and already the sum of 7,000,000 dollars has passed from his pockets to the treasury of the new seat of learning in the second city of the Republic. He has a peculiar way of sending in his remittances, and his manner will perhaps be best shown by quoting this letter from Mr. Rockefeller to the president of the university in question. It is thoroughly characteristic.

'DEAR SIR,—I wish to contribute to the endowment of the University one million dollars in 5 per cent. gold bonds. I make this gift as a special thank-offering to Almighty God for returning health.

'Yours truly,

'JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.'

The great 'monopolist' has written six letters like the one quoted. They cover little paper. At all events, in a very practical way, they dull the edge of criticism, and kill the venom in much talk against capital. But then, who knows? they may tempt some good folks to wish ill—or illness—to the great Oil King. In this way, I admit, they are open to condemnation.

The second 'power' of the Standard Trust is D. M. Flagler, a man who wears his financial honours easily. He is a genial, witty, unassuming millionaire. He is the last person in the world to claim credit as a philanthropist, and yet I hold him to be one. For this man has invested thirteen million dollars in ventures which have made directly for the health and the happiness of thousands, and have put new life and hope into the people of a State just recovering from the exhaustion—physical, moral, and financial—of a civil war. This investment has not paid, and was not expected when made to pay, one penny of income. Mr. Flagler's money was put into a group of the finest hotels in the world, built at St. Augustine, Florida, a great sanatorium, hitherto

closed to many owing to primitive nature of hotel accommodations. Now, thanks to this millionaire 'hobby,' thousands from afar find health and pleasure, while local life is quickened by the stream of new money exchanged for local labour and farm products.

William C. Whitney is another 'Trust' man, and the best, judged by English standards. An able lawyer, cultured, travelled, Secretary of the Navy in the first Cleveland administration. A man among men, he is held in high esteem even by the people who rail against the Trust. His only daughter married, two years ago, a son of the late Lord Alfred Paget.

The Anglo-Saxon loves the plucky man, and for this reason Jay Gould, with all his faults, challenges a certain amount of admiration, for he was always fighting with men, or combinations of men, apparently stronger than himself. The fortunes pitted against his were always greater, and from first to last he was in truth the architect of his own fortune. The world already knows his story—that is, the dark side of it. How he wrecked and ruined men and enterprises; was unscrupulous and merciless. How from being a poor lad on a farm in New York State, unaided and handicapped by poor health, he met and mastered the speculative giants of Wall Street, dying when only fifty-seven years of age worth seventy-five million dollars. All this is known; but I would like to put this one memory of Gould on record, for it gives a glimpse of that other Gould I prefer to remember. I am seated before a blazing fire in the library of a man I see at a glance is a book-loving as well as book-owning man. Near me, by the centre table, Jay Gould is seated in a low chair. The shaded lamp throws a flood of light on a book he holds, and also shows in relief against the background of shadow his clean-cut features. It is the face of a student, and as he turns to answer some question I have asked about the book, I find the happiest expression resting on that face. The dark eyes are brimming over with that thoughtful look which shows a free mind and a happy moment. Then suddenly a spasm of pain distorts the face, the eyes close, the book falls from a nerveless hand. For a moment he seems to suffer the torture of the damned. Then he pulls himself together, begs to be excused, and then goes slowly up the broad stairway to pass a night of anguish. His nemesis has struck home; neuralgia, which has travelled with him forty years—an enemy which all his wealth could not bribe—had claimed its pound of flesh. When I heard of how he

died—turned his face to the white wall, whispered ‘I am so tired, tired,’ and then slipped into the unknown—this scene came back to me with new meaning. Gould grabbed for gold—got it; and that was all he did get out of life.

The Gould fortune was divided into six equal parts (of about twelve million each), one for each child. George J. Gould, the eldest son, was, however, given the sum of five million dollars, as compensation for his special services during the last five years of his father’s life. His decision, too, was to be final on all disputed points regarding management of estate, and no child was to will any money to other than his own issue, or marry without consent of a majority of the brothers and sisters.

It may be well to follow this brief reference to the great railway wrecker with a few words about J. Pierpont Morgan, a man almost as well known to London financiers as in New York, his home. For the Morgan millions are the fruit of legitimate banking and commerce, and the present representative of the house has increased his inherited fortune by building up rather than tearing down values. His name, too, in the world of Wall Street stands for clean methods and constructive finance. His success, therefore, is welcome, for it stimulates the new generation to a better business ‘tone,’ by showing clearly that Gould’s ‘wrecking’ plan is not the only way to acquire great wealth. The Morgan fortune was founded by J. S. Morgan, the father of J. Pierpont Morgan. Born in Massachusetts, a farmer boy first, then clerk in a dry goods shop, then clerk in a bank, he was able, out of his savings, at the age of thirty-eight, to establish in Boston a commercial house which soon took the first place in the Republic. At forty-three years of age he visited London, and here met George Peabody. The latter was so impressed by Morgan’s ability that he offered him a partnership in his banking firm of George Peabody & Co.; which, on the death of the great philanthropist, became the firm of J. S. Morgan & Co. Mr. Morgan lived some years in London, and did so much to improve the credit of the United States, that on his return to New York, in 1877, a banquet was given him at which the men there present are said to have represented a total wealth of one thousand million dollars. He died at Monte Carlo in 1890, and his son Pierpont inherited ten million dollars. He was at the time of his father’s death, however, already a very rich man; his wealth has since increased by leaps and bounds, and he is now ranked as

worth from seventy to eighty million dollars. Two of his former partners, Frank Drexel and Anthony Drexel, each left estates exceeding twenty-five million dollars ; together giving the sum of eight million dollars to found charitable institutions in or near Philadelphia. Mr. J. S. Morgan, who was most charitable during his life, also left a large sum to a college at his death.

Thanks to the possession of large estates in Scotland and to his prominence in 'revolver shooting contests,' the source of Mr. Winans's millions may be of interest. They were practically the sole product of one man, Ross Winans, who died in Baltimore twenty years ago. He was a farmer lad, and made his first money out of a new plough, which he invented. Then he turned his inventive genius to railways, and was the first to perfect the manufacture of camel-back railway engines, and to suggest the idea of eight-wheel railway car-trucks. Russia wanted railway communication between Moscow and St. Petersburg. Winans was sent for by the Emperor, given his own terms, and so he made millions which his children have been content to let alone, while they took life by easy stages. This fortune is now taken as showing a total of thirty-five million dollars.

The 'tramway' question has been a burning one for London during the past few months, and this lends a new interest to one of the most striking figures in American money-making circles, Charles T. Yerkes, the 'tramway king,' as he is often called. Yerkes lost every dollar he possessed in a panic which came on the heels of the great Chicago fire. And so, twenty years ago, with 600*l.* loaned by a friend he started out, a man of thirty, to make a new fortune. And he did. He is worth to-day fifteen million dollars, and with the closing days of the present year he will move into his new house on Fifth Avenue, New York, which cost, with contents, nearly three million dollars.

Yerkes had been a Stock Exchange man before his failure. After that disaster he turned his attention to street railways. He saw they were badly managed ; needed personal supervision. He threw his whole heart into the work and was at his office before 6 a.m. every day, Sundays included, for ten years. Labour reformers say no man can work more than forty-four hours a week and hold health. Mr. Yerkes has worked an average of 110 hours a week for years, and yet when I talked with him last November, he was the picture of health. Having made some millions for himself and his friends out of Philadelphia tramways, he moved to

Chicago, where he soon became a power and made new millions. To-day his party operate and own over 500 miles of tramways, and the five men who are chief spirits in that party are worth 100,000,000 dollars. When fortune began to smile on Mr. Yerkes, all of his old creditors were invited to meet him at dinner, and at that dinner each received a cheque for his original claim with compound interest at 6 per cent. ; although Mr. Yerkes had been freed from liability by the Bankrupt Act. He gave recently 500,000 dollars to build what is to be the largest telescope in the world. His art gallery is one of the show pieces of the New World, and was recently described in one of the London art publications.

Mr. Yerkes and his syndicate are one, perhaps the chief, of many combinations which have, in a few years, won fortunes from a new source of profit—the changing of horse railways into electric. Hundreds of tram-lines, in small as well as large cities, hitherto worked at a loss with horses, are now dividend payers on a large capitalisation, thanks to electricity. For electricity, in four years, has displaced 150,000 horses on American tramways. And out of the 13,000 miles of American tramways, 10,000 are operated by electricity. The capitalisation of this ‘renovated’ tram investment is nearly nine hundred million dollars. And this immense sum being in a large degree capitalisation of earning power, not money paid in, ‘tramway millionaires,’ to the number of at least fifty, have been recently added to the long list of American money monopolists. It is a natural step from Yerkes, who made his fortune chiefly in Chicago, to a certain group of typical western millionaires resident in that city.

One cold winter morning, having arrived in Chicago about 6 o'clock, I was making my way to the hotel. It seemed an unchristian hour for a white man to be in the street, especially when that street was located in the business centre of a great city. Suddenly my companion touched me on the arm and said : ‘ Look, there’s “ Phil ” hard at work. Come in. We’ll fix up a small game of poker for this evening.’ I had often heard of Phil Armour, the millionaire pork packer, butcher, grain-gambler, railway director, and miscellaneous capitalist, and so I followed my friend gladly up the short flight of stone steps, across a large office made to accommodate a hundred clerks, but now deserted, on, on till we entered a small room and stood in the presence of ‘ Phil.’ Although it was in the heart of winter, he was in his ‘ shirt-sleeves,’ and stood there—for all the world a second Perky-

Middlewick, butterman—carefully examining a large book, in which was shown the business at all his branches day by day. He is always at his office two hours before his clerks arrive; and he always begins the day's work with this careful study of the previous day's business. I have been told by men able to judge that no man in America has the same exact and early information as to how he stands and what his men are doing. He has five men in his employ, to each of whom he pays a salary of 20,000 dollars a year. And all his employees are well paid, well treated, but also—and here lies the secret of his success—all well worked, body as well as brain. Phil Armour impressed me as a big, brainy, active boy, very glad to be alive, and very much alive in brain, eye, ear, and body. He seemed as nerveless as an old oak tree, and his eyes saw right into your brain—at least that is how I felt. Phil Armour is worth about thirty million dollars. He has given between three and four million dollars to various charities.

After a few words with the great 'pork packer,' my friend broached the poker question. Honestly, from the way Armour's face brightened and his eyes snapped, I feared he was on the point of suggesting a game of 'draw' there and then. But he did not. He only invited us to come to his house that evening. He would have 'some of the boys there to meet us.' And 'the boys' who did meet us were a most interesting lot, all millionaires except two, Judge Gresham, Cleveland's favourite Cabinet Minister, and the writer. There was the leading gambler of the Chicago Board of Trade, Norman B. Ream, a tall, loose-jointed man with a face of iron, and eyes that saw far and deep. He has often moved the grain markets of the world up and down at will. He was always bluffing at poker, always losing too, for the limit was small; his great game has no limit, and the 'bluff' often wins. There was Marshal Field, ten times a millionaire, made out of keeping shop; the one-time partner of Mr. Leiter, now father-in-law of the Hon. George Curzon. He had a squeaking voice, was timid in play, and when he asked for cards I fancied it was one of his five hundred clerks crying, in their accustomed way, 'Cash,' 'Cash,' 'Cash!' Pullman, of palace and sleeping-car fame, was there, looking the comfortable farmer, rather than uncomfortable millionaire Mr. Stead paints him. He put down 'three four spots' on my bluff, rather than pay five dollars to see what I had. He was as conservative in poker as in palace cars. But he was a *winner* at the end of play. He had a paternal,

domineering way even with his brother millionaires, the manner and method which have made all his troubles with labour; for he is an honest man, a just one. All the talk about his selfishness and tricky ways is ridiculed by men who know his life day by day, and see it in all its phases. Potter Palmer, the millionaire hotel owner and real estate man, was another of the party. His name and his millions were all that made him differ from the multitude. The rest of the company were men lacking individuality—men who had, one might say, their millions thrust upon them by the increase in value of land long held in the family. Taken all together, they were a pleasant, unassuming, companionable set of men; and each wore his mantle of millions easily. It is very curious, but I find I have left out the most interesting man in our card party. This is due, in all probability, to the circumstance that he was the only man who did not play poker. This man was James J. Hill, the shrewdest and most successful railway man in the West, and a railway man who enjoys this unique record—his properties have in the past paid, and do still pay, large and regular dividends. Forty years ago 'Jim Hill' was a 'roust-about' on the wharf in St. Paul, Minnesota. That is, he earned two dollars a day carrying wood and freight on his back from the wharf to the deck of the Mississippi steamboat. He 'roust-abouted' so well that he soon owned that boat. That boat seemed to breed other boats with surprising rapidity. Money came to him from everything he touched. At last the Manitoba Railway, owned by Hollanders, got into trouble. Hill somehow got the road out of trouble, but at the same time out of the possession of those Holland owners. To-day he is worth seventy million dollars. In appearance he strongly suggests a lion on two legs. The kind of lion, in the financial world, the lamb so often lies down with—inside quarter for the lamb. He has an undersized body but over-sized head, wears his hair *à la* Samson in the ante-Delilah days, and his hat is always two sizes too big for him. He neither smokes, drinks, nor gambles, but in the face of such a record of the minor virtues, no one ever calls him a saint. Behind his millions lies this romance. While he worked for wages on the wharf, his sweetheart worked for wages at the only hotel. When wealth came to him he sent his sweetheart, for two years, to an Eastern school, then married her. To-day, from the window of their home—a house which cost 700,000 dollars to build—he can see the old wharf where he once worked hard and

long, she looks down upon the roof of that same little hotel in which long ago, a girl whose face was her only fortune, she toiled as a servant.

Neither are ashamed of their humble start. They wear their wealth easily. And Mrs. Hill's necklace of emeralds, the handsomest in America, does not look out of place on her neck, even in the eyes of the most critical, for underneath the brilliant badge of wealth beats a warm, true heart. And the tens of thousands of dollars distributed each year to poor folks and sick show eyes wide open; a keen sense of that responsibility which comes with riches.

Mr. Hill, of whom I have just written, controls a great system of railways in the western section of the United States. The West is the old home of gold and silver mining, and it is therefore a natural transition from the story of the great railway king to the subject of miner and 'minor' millionaires.

But the name of such men is legion. Let me select a sensational group which will give us something in millions outside of the ordinary.

The 'Bonanza Kings' will suit our purpose. Flood, O'Brien, Mackay, and Fair were all in 'queer street'—broke, stone broke, is the Americanism—when the Californian gold fever surged across the Continent in 1849. They tried their luck with the crowd at the Golden Gate. They failed. Then came news of a new El Dorado in the heart of the Sierras. To Nevada the four disabled veterans of the 'Gold Coast' campaign took their way. They were poor still, but they knew something about mining; and in this respect were far in advance of the great majority located at Virginia City. Their practical knowledge of mill and mine soon enabled each man to engage in profitable speculation. Before long each man was the owner of a mine, gold or silver. Each man worked with energy and with the skill that experience had given him.

In each of the four mines great discoveries of the precious metal were ultimately made, and the civilised world rang with the story of that bed of gold and silver which was foundation to a whole range of mountains. The first wild talk was never realised; but from those four mines their proprietors, Flood, O'Brien, Mackay, and Fair, took out gold and silver which sold for two hundred million dollars.

The 'Bonanza' story is sensational, but it has never appealed

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to my imagination as strongly as the story of Old Tommy Cruse of Montana. Probably the circumstance that I knew the old man before he made his millions lends his story a large part of its charm. Then, too, I will admit I lean towards Tommy Cruse, because riches did not work for righteousness in his case, as they do with such maddening persistency in all mining romances. When I met Tommy first, his only asset was in serious danger, for his five underfed and underbred ponies were about to be seized for overdue taxes. I could not help Tommy with money, but I tried to with advice. 'Strike old Sam Ashby for a couple of hundred dollars,' I suggested. Sam Ashby was one of the rich men of Helena, Montana, at that period, and ran a small savings' bank. Tommy Cruse 'tried old Sam Ashby.' All he got, however, was some pretty free talk in which the banker assured Tommy Cruse that he would rather throw paper money into the home of his Satanic majesty than loan it to such a drunken, shiftless fellow. Tommy Cruse got his money however. Three weeks later he located the great Drum Lummond gold mine. He knew he had a big thing, but somehow he could make nobody believe in his mine. For years he worked at it, however, living at times a dog's life. Once, while talking to a friend of mine, he fell forward unconscious; he had not eaten a mouthful of food for thirty-six hours, and yet with dogged persistency had worked on till he fell in his tracks. At last his day came, he opened up a big vein, and had a million dollars to his credit in a good safe bank. Hard times over, he decided to pose as a 'solid citizen,' so he opened a savings' bank in Helena. One of the first men to apply to Tommy Cruse, banker, for a small loan was the one-time banker Old Sam Ashby, now less prosperous. Then came to the old prospector the happiest moment of his life, one that wiped out all memory of starvation and privation. For Tommy Cruse, showing his would-be customer to the door, assured that customer, in language too emphatic and graphic for English ears, that he would sooner throw paper-money into the home of his Satanic majesty than loan it to such a drunken, shiftless, fellow as Sam Ashby.

One day Tommy Cruse invited the whole of Montana to his wedding; and the whole of Montana came. Tommy had arranged for open house and free drinks with every saloon in Helena. Consequently the night Tommy got married, the whole male population got drunk, and it took a week to sober the population into working condition. One year of happy life followed with

his beautiful young bride, and then death wrote *finis* to the romance, the bride of a year died. Since her death the hitherto genial miner has become a crabbed, miserly old man. His money is only a misery now; for his one haunting fear is that the poverty he once bore so bravely will again overtake him.

It is a far cry from the romantic millionaire of the western mountains to the plodding merchant who, from long years of toil, slowly accumulates a fortune. But this class, unpicturesque, it is true, in the main, has made for stability in the State, as well as big figures in the national balance-sheet. Let me give you the history of one such merchant millionaire as I had it from an intimate friend.

Daniel B. Fayerweather—it is a suggestive name for one who found a sunshiny old age—was born in a small Connecticut town. He learned the trade of cobbler and followed it until stricken with a disease they call in New England 'shoemaker colic.' Then he decided to abandon a sedentary life, and to give effect to this new purpose bought the outfit of a tin peddler. He chose the old Southern States as field of operation, and for five years he peddled (not in the bicycling sense) all over the South. The people in his new field of labour had little ready money. Fayerweather was able, however, thanks to his old knowledge of leather, to accept in trade hides of all kinds. These he resold to such advantage that he made very large profits, so large, that on his third trip he was able to buy up a splendid stock, and with this stock to open up a hide shop in New York. He had 'tramped' the whole South and knew his market as no other merchant knew that market; and he was able, out of that knowledge, coupled with great industry, to pile up six million dollars. His death attracted little notice. People only heard of it, beyond his trade circle, when his will showed a million and a half dollars distributed among twenty prominent colleges, and half a million dollars between fourteen hospitals. It was also discovered, when the quiet, inoffensive old leather merchant had passed out of the city in which he had lived a stranger, that during that quiet life he had quietly given to the poor over half a million dollars.

A small army of such men as Fayerweather have written their names in very plain but very bright letters on the list of American millionaires. There was Stephen Girard, the Philadelphia merchant, dead these many years, but living still in a higher sense through his Free College, home to-day for 1,700 orphan

boys, and possessing, thanks to his generosity, over eleven million dollars of productive funds. Johns Hopkins, the Baltimore merchant, with six million dollars, fruit of long years of toil and frugal living, given to endow the hospitals and University which bear his name. Samuel M. Inman, of Atlanta, Georgia, the greatest cotton factor in the world, worth to-day twenty million dollars. When the Cotton States Exposition in his own city ran short of money last year, he put his hand in his pocket and gave 100,000 dollars to tide it over the dry period, and promised as much more if necessary. When he moved into his new house, a veritable little castle, he turned his old home into a free hospital. He is one of the new men who make certain a new life for the old South, and are an earnest of a new civilisation and a new wealth.

All these names, and many, many more, are on a list of millionaires who may, in truth, be called benignant. And an open-minded study of their princely charities shows, it seems to me, how false is the new idea that wealth is twin to wickedness, and in poverty alone may purity be discovered. Are these men of many millions a menace to the republic? No. Will they ever combine against the rest of the nation? Impossible. They are drawn from such different ancestors, are bent by such varying local traditions and influences, that a combination of all capital is out of the line of possibility. The railway interest in America is practically in a few hands. And yet railway history shows but one long line of combinations formed only to be broken. Are the millionaires happy in their millions? Yes and no. They enjoy the game, enjoy winning the stakes; not only because of their value, but as testimony to superior play. The men enjoy also the thought that wife and children, idolised all through life, are able now to gratify every wish. For themselves they change very little with the change in fortune. Unhappiness comes, however, to many millionaires of one generation, since with wealth the home circle nearly always breaks. The wife and children chase after what they call 'society,' while husband and father, with the sons, go their way of work, sometimes, perhaps, of dissipation. You will find few in the long list of millionaires, self-made, who do not look back with longing to the old simple life in the old simple home when not so much even as a mirage of millions had yet appeared on the horizon.

AMERICANUS.

MEMOIRS OF A SOUDANESE SOLDIER¹

(ALI EFFENDI GIFOON).

DICTATED IN ARABIC TO AND TRANSLATED BY

CAPTAIN PERCY MACHELL,

LATE COMMANDANT 12TH SOUDANESE.

THE distribution of troops in the Soudan at the time I was taken was as follows: The Fourth Regiment at Taka, the First Regiment at Khartoum, the Second Regiment at Senaar, Wad Medani, and Fasogli. All the regular troops were Soudanese, and each battalion was commanded by a bimbashi, or major, who was assisted by a saghkolaghassi, or adjutant-major. Each battalion consisted of eight companies commanded by yousbashieh, or captains, assisted by mulazimeen, or lieutenants, as at present.

I was posted to No. 2 Company of the Second Battalion of the Fifth Regiment, which, as already stated, had recently arrived from Egypt, *viâ* Korosko, under the command of Osman Bey. One battalion of this regiment was still in Egypt, having been recalled by Said Pasha while still at Korosko. I found Soudanese of every kind among my comrades, but no Shilluk.

We received our pay, nineteen piastres (about 4s.) a month, regularly, and were supplied with a ration similar to that issued now. We had no bread; but each soldier received five kelas of grain every month, and this was made into kissreh, or native bread, by the ten or twenty slave women who were attached to each company. Soldiers who married had no claims upon the Government for transport of their wives or families when their regiment moved to another district, and it was usual for the incoming battalions to take over the wives of the men they relieved. Each married woman was allowed $1\frac{1}{4}$ kelas of grain a month, and each child one kela.

Our officers at this time were all Turks, including Kurds, Circassians, and Albanians, and, in addition to the regular Soudanese troops, there was a large number of bashi-bazouks, or

¹ Copyright in the United States of America. The first part of these 'Memoirs' appeared in our July issue.—ED. Cornhill.

irregulars, who were quite differently organised in ordehs under their own buluk-bashis and sanjaks.

Not long after I had become a soldier the order was given for the Takalla expedition to start, and we marched out four battalions of infantry, with cavalry and guns. Sixteen ordehs of bashi-bazouks also accompanied us, under Sangak Ragab Agha, an Albanian. The first battalion of the Kassala regiment, commanded by Mahomed Bey Abu Gereed, was also sent for, but failed to arrive in time to join us.

The object of the expedition was to arrest Mek Nasr, who declined to submit to the demands of the Government, and who, with his tribe, the Takallas, had been in a state of open rebellion in his hills for the past two years. During this time he had openly defied the Government, and had successfully driven off a force under Abd el Kader Pasha, which had been sent to take him.

Camel transport carried our water, our ammunition, and our food, and after ten days' marching we arrived at a place called Um Talha, where we made a zeriba and remained for two days.

Here Sheikh Odoon, of the Baggara, tried to persuade our bey to wait till the battalion from Kassala arrived, but he was anxious to push on, and decided not to delay, as the force already at his disposal appeared to be amply sufficient to enable him to effect his purpose, viz., to obtain Mek Nasr's head.

So we went on, and now the country through which we had to pass became more and more mountainous, until, instead of marching, we often had to climb. Huge rocks, which covered the sides of the valleys through which we passed, often rolled down upon our path, and it was difficult to know whether these were dislodged by the monkeys or by men. Advancing upon the mountain of El Kakagyeh, we drove the Takallas out, and then proceeded to climb up Gebel Tumeli. Leaving our transport and guns at the foot of the hill, the infantry ascended, firing as we went. The Takallas retired before us, and we pressed after them, knowing that this was the headquarters of their mek. Suddenly a large force of spearmen rushed down upon our right flank from the direction of Gebel Rashat, and we were thrown into hopeless confusion. Men and officers were struck down in every direction, and all formation being lost, those who escaped made for the foot of the hill. But many of these were killed falling down precipices, and sometimes on to their companions' bayonets.

All this time the Takallas continued to attack us, stabbing

with their spears and crying 'Abu kamr hili' (the owner of the red cummerbund is mine)—this in allusion to the broad red silk sash worn by the soldiers over their white uniform. As we neared the foot of the mountain, where we had left our transport, we came under cover of the guns, which now opened a heavy fire and prevented the Takallas from continuing their pursuit.

About three-quarters of our number were left dead and dying on the mountain side, and the victory of the enemy was complete. Our bey was mortally wounded, and nearly every officer was killed. As soon as we could collect the scattered remnants of our force we hastened to return to El Obeid. Our bey died of his wounds and was buried on the way.

When news of this great defeat of the Government troops by the Takallas reached Cairo, Said Pasha (the Khedive) appointed Moosa Pasha Governor-General of the Soudan, and sent him to Khartoum, *viâ* Korosko and Abu Hamed, with two more black battalions and a battery of Soudanese. On his arrival at Khartoum, Moosa Pasha gathered together troops from all parts of the Soudan, and brought his army to El Obeid. Once more I started for the Takalla mountains, but this time our force was enormous. We marched every morning and halted every night by signal given by a heavy gun. Almost all the bazaar from El Obeid accompanied the army, and even the ghawazi, or Egyptian dancing girls, were there.

When Nasr, in his mountain, heard of the force which was coming to avenge previous disasters, he decided to surrender, and gave himself up to the pasha, who appointed Nasr's brother Adam to be mek in his stead, and sent the former to Cairo.

Arrangements having been made for the proper payment of the taxes in future, our force was broken up and the various regiments directed to proceed to their respective stations.

The battalion, however, to which I belonged was ordered to accompany the Governor-General to Um Deresa on the Rahad river, near Galabat, on the Abyssinian frontier.

At first we marched due east, crossing the White Nile between Gebelein and the Kenana country, and so across the Blue Nile, the Dinder, and the Rahad, to Um Deresa. Here Moosa Pasha received news by telegram that a certain Ahmed Arai Shereef, a notable of Massowah, which, with Suakin, was at that time a Turkish possession, had risen in open revolt against the garrison.

Orders were received from Cairo directing all available troops to be collected and arrangements made for the relief of the Turks.

So the Governor-General telegraphed to Kordofan for two battalions, to Senaar for one battalion, and to Khartoum for two more. In the meantime we remained at Kassala, which was to be our starting-point, and made our camp upon the Khatmieh plain.

As soon as a sufficient number of troops had arrived, Moosa Pasha appointed Elias Bey, the mudir of Kassala, to carry out the relief of Massowah, and himself returned to Khartoum.

Our force consisted of four battalions of infantry, some artillery, and some bashi-bazouks. Mahomed Noor, sheikh of the Gadein, grandfather of Ahmed Awad, who is now in charge of the Arab police at Tokar, the sheikh of the Sebderat, Sheikh Hamed of the Beni Amer, and a large number of the Halengas, accompanied us on our march, which lay through Daga and Senheit.

No one hindered us on our way, and, having safely arrived in the neighbourhood of Massowah, we encamped at Um Kulloh, south of the town. It was soon evident that the Turks were no longer in possession, so Elias Bey decided to send a Turkish officer, Abdullah Agha, with a flag of truce to the rebel sheikh, and a message asking him whether he was prepared to surrender or not. The officer soon returned, bearing a hostile reply from Ahmed Arei, who said he was ready to fight and only waited for us to advance. Next morning we got under arms before dawn and marched down towards Arkiko, where their principal force was. The first, or Kassala battalion, commanded by Bimbashi Mohamed Eff. Khuttab, was repulsed and retired. Then our entire force moved out, and in spite of obstinate resistance and heavy fire from their two forts, we succeeded in breaking their line and utterly routing them. Many jumped into the sea, and the remainder fled to the hills. Sheikh Mahomed Omerima, one of their principal leaders, was shot dead during the action.

When all was over we crossed over to the town of Massowah, which is built upon an island; but we met with no further resistance. Not a trace remained of the Turkish garrison, officers and soldiers having been killed to a man.

Ahmed Arei succeeded in making his escape in a dhow towards the south, and as it was believed that he would land and take refuge at Zulla, which is some seventy miles south and a little island, cavalry was sent to try and cut him off. Two battalions of infantry were sent in support, but the force returned without having been able to trace him. A sufficient number of troops was eventually left to maintain order until the arrival of more Turkish

soldiers, and my own battalion started off upon its return journey though Kassala to El Obeid. The hardships we were continually required to endure in making these long marches were often very great. A certain amount of Government transport was provided for the ammunition and the water, but unless a soldier had a share in a donkey, or a camel of his own, he was apt to fare badly.

Our usual food on the march consisted of the *abrék*, or broken native bread, which we carried dry in leather bags, just as the Arabs do to-day, and ate soaked in water. Sometimes our water gave out altogether, and I have often marched for two or three days on nothing but roots and the leaves of trees. When our stomachs felt empty, we tightened our belts and looked forward to better times; for whenever flocks and herds or grain were forthcoming we fared right well, and immediately forgot our troubles. Although I have often been reduced to the verge of starvation, and have constantly been reduced to the utmost extremities, I cannot say that I personally saw any case of cannibalism among the soldiers.

The Fertit tribe, however, used in their own country to eat each other freely, and when a man was so ill as to render the chance of his recovery improbable, he was bought in advance by the highest bidder. The Fertit had no graves, and there is no word for 'graveyard' in their language. Years later, when I was serving at Amedeb, Zobeir Pasha sent down a large number of Soudanese to serve as soldiers in the Kassala district. Among them was a Fertit named Abd el Bayin, whose teeth were like fangs and were always carefully filed. This man had come straight from his own country, where, as I said before, no dead were buried, and the privation he was now required to undergo was more than he could endure.

One night he rose and crept out of the lines. Finding a little boy asleep by his mother's side in a neighbouring *zeriba*, he seized him, and then ran off with his prey into the plain. The child screamed loudly, and its cries roused the mother, who speedily raised an alarm. The cannibal wrung the boy's neck as he ran, and fled on until he thought he was safe from pursuit. Then he commenced his repast.

The soldiers, who had been aroused by the woman's cries and lamentations, had in the meantime turned out, and, having formed a ring, gradually drew in upon him. Then Abd el Bayen, who, after the manner of his country, had assumed the form of a hyena

when he carried the child off, rose up, and stood a soldier once more, with the mangled remains of the boy at his feet. He was at once arrested, and, after reference to Khartoum, it was decided to send him back to his country.

I remember another tribe who during the winter nights used to habitually assume the forms of hyenas, and, prowling round our Shilluk villages, would seize and devour any children they could find. These were the Resirra, a tribe of nomad Arabs of almost white complexion, who habitually ate the corpses of human beings or animals whenever they could find them. To this day we all believe that some of the hyenas which prowl and roar at night round the villages in the Soudan are men in disguise. Many of those we used to hear around us when we were together at Tokar were really Arabs. We all can tell them from their peculiar cries.

There was once a Fungowi, Mek Gahman, of Senaar, of whom it is related that, having tasted human liver, he had a child killed every day. His servant had gone to the bazaar to buy meat, and on his return homewards a kite swooped down upon the contents of the basket, which he was carrying upon his head. Alarmed by the gestures of the servant, he dropped a piece of meat which he had in his claws into the basket, but managed to secure the sheep's liver which the servant had purchased for his master. Accordingly, the meat dropped by the kite, which also proved to be liver, was in due course cooked and served up to the mek. As soon as he tasted it he pronounced the flavour to be different from any he had yet known, and closely questioned his servant, who assured him that he had bought it as sheep's liver in the market. Being unable to believe this, he caused cattle, sheep, goats, gazelle, and all kinds of animals to be killed, in order that he might see to which kind it belonged; but all in vain. Finally it occurred to him that a human being was the only species he had not tasted; so the next time a child died he caused its liver to be cooked. Then he immediately recognised the flavour which had become so precious to him, and after this he caused a child to be killed and its liver served up to him every day. In due course his unpopularity among his subjects became so great that his brother Ismail was induced to fall upon him suddenly, and kill him.

We were not destined to remain idle for long. Six months after our return the Nubas refused to pay their tax, and the

mudir, Hassan Pasha Helmi, who bore the sobriquet of 'El Gueisir' (the 'Slaughterer'), ordered an expedition to be made against this tribe for the purpose of enforcing the orders of the Government. Gebel-el-Tow was the headquarters of the Nuba chief, and on this mountain we marched, four battalions of infantry, some cavalry, and bashi-bazouks. After six days' journey we reached the foot of the hills, and encamped while the pasha sent to the mek to come and surrender. This he declined to do, so the pasha sent for our commanding officers, and instructed them to advance at dawn the following morning. On our way up we encountered the Nubas, who attempted to check our advance, throwing rocks and stones down upon us as we climbed up the steep hillside. The large monkeys, too, with which the mountain abounded, combined to delay our progress, scampering about and sending boulders down upon us in every direction. A man in my company, by name Rizkallah, who had lagged behind, was seized by a number of these monkeys and detained for some time. Having eventually succeeded in attracting the attention of his comrades by firing his gun, he was found in the midst of a circle of these apes,¹ who were jabbering vociferously and pelting him with stones. The monkeys were always hovering about us, and through the difficulty of ascertaining which were men and which were apes, it became almost impossible to obtain proper rest. Some were very large and well able to hold their own against all comers.

The Nubas failed to stop our advance, and we eventually arrived at the summit of the hills. Large numbers of them were killed by our fire, including the mek, who was mortally wounded and died later; also their cogyoor. Night fell and rain came down in torrents, rendering our condition most miserable. Abdullah, son of the cogyoor, who had with many others been taken out of one of the caves with which the hillside was honeycombed, and in which the Nubas lived, told the pasha that this heavy torrent of rain was due to the death of his father, the cogyoor, and that it could not be stopped until due sacrifice had been made. Accordingly, a large wild boar (kadroog) was slaughtered as a peace offering to the spirit of the late cogyoor, and the rain ceased. But our troubles had not yet really begun, for as soon as the rain stopped the Nubas set loose their bees and turned them

¹ The apes at Gibraltar occasionally surround a stray fox-terrier in this way, and, unless the dog is rescued, end by tearing him in pieces.—ED. *Cornhill*.

upon us. The bees in this district are carefully preserved, and exist in enormous numbers in large hives. We broke up in utter confusion before their deadly onslaught, and officers and men were made half mad with pain. Our horses could not be restrained, and broke loose in every direction. The pasha summoned Abdullah, son of the cogyoor, and investing him with a scarlet robe and a sword of honour, begged him to offer terms to the sheikhs, on condition they would instantly recall their bees.¹ The sheikhs responded to the invitation and came in, after causing the bees to return to their hives. The mek and the cogyoor were properly buried, and the next few days were spent in drawing the caves in search of slaves. When we had collected all we could find, we started on our return to El Obeid. Abdullah, whose father, the cogyoor, was killed, came with us, and was at once made an ombashi. He died years after at Amedeb, and his son Said Eff. Abdullah is at the present moment serving under Jackson Bey,² a yousbashi in the 11th Soudanese at Assouan.

We arrived in safety with our convoy at El Obeid, when all grown men were enlisted as soldiers, and the women who were required selected for duty as barrack servants. The remainder were sold by auction, and owing to the estimation in which the Nuba women were held, many realised prices as high as 150 dollars, a boy ranging from twenty to thirty. We had not been back at El Obeid long, when Sheikh El Dow, of the Fungur (Baggara) Arabs, came in and complained that his people were in revolt and wished to depose him. The pasha consulted with Sheikh Odoon of the Howazma Arabs, and he having consented to accompany an expedition against the Fungur, two battalions and a number of bashi-bazouks were despatched under his guidance. After a journey of five days we reached the country of the rebellious Fungurs, whom we found armed with guns and possessing many horses. We defeated them, capturing 500 horses from the Arabs of Odoon and 300 from the Ghodiat Baggaras. These Arabs did not offer great resistance, though they had firearms, but usually fled and endeavoured to conceal themselves in their caves (karkoor), where we found great difficulty in getting them out. It was dangerous work for us, entering these

¹ Is there any English bee-master who could set his bees, say, at a burglar, and then call them off?—ED. *Cornhill*.

² Major Jackson held an important command at the recent battle of Ferket.—ED. *Cornhill*.

dark holes in which any number of Arabs might be concealed, and who, knowing every inch of the ground, had us entirely at their mercy. Eventually we hit upon a plan which proved entirely successful. We had one mountain gun with us, and loading this with a little powder and two or three pounds of shutteh, a mixture of pepper, salt, and spices, which is a general article of food throughout the Soudan, we discharged it into the mouth of each cave. Immediately the wildest coughing and choking ensued among the Arabs inside, and they would rush headlong into our arms. Over 1,500 must have been turned out in this way.

Having thoroughly reduced the Fungur tribe, the pasha administered a severe rebuke to the sheikhs, and re-established El Dow in his place. No slaves were taken, and the expedition returned to El Obeid. On the dispersion of the force which had been collected at El Obeid for the Takalla expedition, my battalion was ordered to Egypt. We did not pass through Khartoum, but, proceeding by the regular caravan route, marched through the Kabbabish country and struck the Nile at Debbeh. Thence, *viâ* Dongola, Wady Halfa, and Assouan, to Kasr el Nil barracks at Cairo. No families accompanied us, all wives and children being left to take care of themselves and to seek the protection of other soldiers who would be willing to accept them. On our arrival in Cairo, Said Pasha ordered all of us who had lately been seized by the Baggara to be paraded for his inspection. Of the 500 who had originally made up this party, only some 200 were left, owing to the hardships we had continually undergone, and the slaughter which had taken place in our first expedition against the Nubas. As the result of this inspection we were all sent to Keneh for change of air, it being considered injudicious to expose us to the risk of the climate of Lower Egypt without some preparation. While at Keneh we had no arms in our possession, nor had we officers, non-commissioned officers, or drill. We drew no pay, but were supplied with the usual ration. From Keneh we were ordered to Alexandria, whither we proceeded, staying two nights at Cairo on the way.

The bulk of the Soudanese troops were at this time quartered at Mariôt, to which place we were now sent for distribution among the different regiments. I found myself posted to the fourth company of my old battalion, which, after a space of about one month, was recalled to Alexandria. Shortly after this a

number of us from different regiments were ordered to Chibin el Kom, where we served as mule transport drivers for about three months, until we were drafted to Alexandria for service as cavalry.

I remained here for about, I think, two years, when I was ordered, with others, to hand over my horse and proceed to Fom el Bahr (the Barrage) for garrison duty in the forts. Here we were eventually formed into a battery armed with brass mountain guns, and continued to serve as artillery for more than a year.

One day an order arrived for all Soudanese to hand over the guns and to proceed to Alexandria. On arrival there we marched straight to the docks, and, wondering whither we were destined for now, embarked at dawn on board a French steamer, the *Seine*.

We sailed out of Alexandria harbour on January 8, 1863. Although I had by this time become accustomed to variety of almost every kind, still this French transport, crowded with nearly 500 Soudanese, many of whom had never seen the sea before, afforded quite a new experience, and for the first few days we suffered very much. A French official, who sailed with us, told us off into squads and companies, and arranged for our messing on the voyage. We had only three of our own officers with us—a bimbashi, or major, a yousbashi (captain), and a mulazim (lieutenant). Our total strength was eight sergeants, fifteen corporals, 359 men, thirty-nine recruits, and twenty-two boys.

When the first horrors of sea-sickness were overcome, and when we again began to interest ourselves in what our destination was, we found that the Khedive had arranged to place our battalion at the disposal of the French Government for duty with the expedition then being formed for service in Mexico. We heard that the Emperor Napoleon had applied to Said Pasha for a regiment of three battalions, but the force now on board the *Seine* was all that could be spared. Soldiers ordered on service do not generally trouble their minds much about who their enemy is to be or why there is to be war, and we were no exception to the general rule. But we gathered that France had claims against the Mexican Government which the latter could not or would not admit, and that consequently France and certain other European Powers had combined to assert their rights by force.

The allied European Powers had already despatched their troops and had occupied Vera Cruz, the port for which we were

bound, together with much of the adjacent low-lying and swampy country. The European troops had suffered greatly from the heat of the country on the coast, and it was primarily to relieve them from this duty that we Soudanese had been asked for.

After a voyage of a little over six weeks, we arrived at Vera Cruz. We suffered a good deal on the way, and lost seven of our number from typhus and lung diseases. On our arrival we found that the other European Powers which had originally been in alliance with France had withdrawn their ships and troops from the expedition, and the garrison of Vera Cruz consisted only of French soldiers and black soldiers from Martinique and Guadeloupe.

We were encamped at first outside the town, in as healthy a situation as possible, in order to allow us to recover from the effects of our voyage. The colonel of a Zouave regiment was entrusted with our instruction in French drill, which was a matter of some difficulty; for our instructors spoke nothing but French, of which we did not understand a word. After a few days, however, a sergeant and a corporal of Algerian sharpshooters were attached to each company, and their Arabic, though different from our own, soon made matters easy.

The firearms which we had brought from Egypt were of different pattern from those in possession of the French troops, so they were taken from us and stored until such time as we should return to Egypt. Several promotions were now made. Bimbashi Gabertallah remained in command, Yousbashi Mohamed Almas was promoted to the rank of *sagh* (adjutant-major), and Mulazim Awal Hussein Eff. Ahmed was promoted *yousbashi* (captain). One sub-lieutenant was promoted lieutenant, and seven sergeants and sergeant-majors were promoted to officers' rank. All these promotions were subsequently confirmed by His Highness Said Pasha. As soon as our new organisation was complete, we were distributed as follows: 1st and 2nd Companies at Vera Cruz, 3rd Company at Soledad, 4th Company at Tejeria. The French troops had suffered terribly from the ravages of yellow fever and dysentery in the low-lying *calientes tierras*, and at first we too suffered a great deal. But, brigaded with the foreign legion, we set to work to make the districts in which we were quartered untenable for the bands of brigands with which they were infested. When I left Vera Cruz I went with my company to Medellin, and while there we made an assault upon Cotastla, which was strongly occupied, and successfully resisted us. From Medellin we went back to Vera

Cruz, where we remained a few months. My company was then divided into two parts, one of which went to Pulga and the other to Tejeria. We served in this neighbourhood for a short time, and at this period our Bimbashi Gabertallah, who had come from Egypt in command of our battalion, fell ill and died. He was a good man and respected by us all. His place was taken by Yousbashi Almas Mahomed. Soon after this we were ordered to march against Coquite, which was reported to be strongly held, a detachment of cavalry accompanying us. We had to cross the Rio Blanco, which was in flood, on our way, going over two at a time holding on to the cavalry horses. Two of our men were drowned here—Koko Bisheer and Abd Elahi. On approaching Coquite we were observed by the enemy's patrols, who opened fire on us, but retreated on our returning the fire. We bivouacked that night, and next morning early a strong force came out against us. We did our best, but were compelled to retire with the loss of four killed and our captain wounded. During our retreat the enemy continued following us up all the way to Medelin, killing and wounding several more of our number. The railway line was working at this time between Vera Cruz and Papo del Macho, and it was a part of our usual duty to escort the train, carrying the mails on horseback as far as Cordova.

Tlacotalpan, on the coast, had to be reduced, and after besieging this place by sea and land for upwards of two months, we succeeded in taking it.

The island of Koneklia was another place we besieged, and during its investment we suffered greatly from want of water. Lemons and oranges abounded, and we used to quench our thirst with the juice of these mixed with sea water. When this island eventually fell into our possession, we occupied it for about a month, when we handed it over to a detachment of blacks from Martinique and returned to Vera Cruz. Once more we advanced against Coquite, this time with a strong force, and the town fell into our hands. On our way back we noticed that the enemy's scouts were closely hanging upon our footsteps. Staying the night at Tlaliocoyan, a priest warned us not to return by way of Cotastla, as the road was most unsafe, but advised us to go by Albarado. Our commanding officer, however, considered that there was no danger, so the priest's advice was disregarded. Our path now lay through a forest in which there was a dense undergrowth of brushwood. The path was narrow and difficult, and our

guide had the misfortune to fall from his horse and break his neck. Presently we heard shots and bullets come through the trees. I was with the rear of the long struggling column, and now a man marching near me was shot through the head. The order was passed along for the rear to close up, and when we reached the remainder we found that our commanding officer, a Frenchman, had been killed and all the gunners shot down. We attempted to form up, and opened fire in the direction from which the shots came; but the enemy were too many for us, and we drew off until we succeeded in getting clear of the wood. Then Almes Bey rallied us, and urged that we could never go back without our commander's body and our guns. So we re-formed, and succeeded in bringing out the guns and all our killed and wounded, and finally we returned, much shattered, to Vera Cruz.

After this we were constantly engaged upon small expeditions against the rebels in the neighbouring towns. We were telegraphed for from Cordova to meet a force from that place at Soledad, and marched thence for some forty days to Cosomoloapan, which we took by assault. My company then returned to Vera Cruz. Fifty of us under an Egyptian officer, by name Abd el Rahman Eff. Moosa, were now formed into a troop of cavalry for patrolling and general duty on the lines of communications. The bulk of the force was collected at Orizaba, whence it was intended to move upon Puebla, the rebels' stronghold. We mounted men marched to Orizaba on our horses, but the remainder of the battalion went by train as far as Paso del Macho, where the line ended, and marched on on foot.

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN'S THEOLOGY.

THE theology of the nursery varies considerably from age to age. There is far greater liberty of thought and far less severity of doctrine among the mothers of to-day than there was thirty years ago; and even nursery-maids are beginning to waver in the support and patronage which they used formerly to accord without hesitation to an uncompromising Providence—a Providence who meted out rewards of somewhat doubtful attractiveness to good children, and, to the bad, punishments too numerous to mention and too prolonged to realise. The days are happily gone by when the terrors of hell were described in startling detail, and the last thing at night, for the warning of the perverse or the deceitful baby. But for all save the very enlightened or the very securely fenced round among modern children, the bottomless pit still exists, and speculations as to the habitat and customs of the devil are indulged in as freely as ever. The simple creed of the savage, who believes in the existence of a Good Spirit and a Bad Spirit, and of a Happy Hunting Ground where the distant future may be spent by the more deserving of his tribe, is practically the same as that of the civilised baby. The latter must be promoted into the schoolroom before these rudimentary notions can be supplemented by more advanced theological studies. His curiosity about the Bad Spirit is never satisfied, for the simple reason that his parents and teachers never seem to have any trustworthy information to give him. Jacky's questions are either ignored altogether, or answered with such blighting reserve that he learns nothing worth mentioning. 'Do tell me some stories about Satan when he was a little boy,' he entreats. 'He never was a child,' answers his mother boldly; 'he was always old,' and is grateful to Jacky for accepting her theory unquestioningly. 'Dollie says, if I am a bad boy I shall go to hell,' he proceeds, 'and that I shall have to say my prayers to the devil, and my hymns on Sunday too. How is he dressed, mummie? Has he really a tail?'

Jacky is almost always on good terms with his mother, but he has a tiresome aunt whom he has good reason for disliking. He was once unavoidably left in her charge while his mother was

away from home, and her visit was not altogether a success. She had been 'obliged' to punish him severely for some fault, and after the operation was over he was seen to get a pencil and, retiring into a corner of the nursery, laboriously write something upon a small piece of paper. The same spy who observed him do this watched him afterwards from the window while he dug a hole with his little spade and buried the bit of paper in a corner of the garden. When Jacky was safely out of the way the spy exhumed his manuscript. It ran as follows: '*Dear Devil,—Please come and take Antie.*'

The temptations of the devil are very real to poor Jackie. 'Satan tempted me to eat my potato-skin to-day when you were out at lunch,' he confesses to his mother when she goes to tuck him up one evening. 'I did only eat a weeny bit, and then I left off.' Poor child, he had been laboriously scraping the fine transparent skin off his new potato because he had been forbidden to eat potato-skin earlier in the season when the hardened elderly ones still prevailed!

Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

'Now, Jacky, why does Satan tremble—shake, you know? 'Oh, because I suppose the saint is so dreadfully heavy,' is the unexpected and rather confusing reply.

It is a source of distress to the tender mother that the wars and vengeance and awful judgments in the Old Testament should make it so much more interesting to her children than the New. The stories of Jael and Sisera, of Jezebel, of Samson or of Gehazi have a barbarous charm about them which is lacking in the narrative of the New Testament. 'Little Dollie loves to read her Bible to herself,' says grandmamma to the unregenerate Jacky. 'I wish I could see *you* do that, darling.' 'Oh, I know she does, Granny,' he answers; 'but I'm sure she skips all the *religious parts*.' All the ghastly parts delight Jacky. At the age of four his sole comment on the tragic death of Samson was 'Poor Thamthon! did he bleed?' But Dollie is of milder mould, and weeps so loudly over the troubles of poor Job that the set course of morning reading has to be interrupted, and a chapter of crack-jaw genealogies resorted to as a calmative.

Jacky was sorely disappointed once by the failure of an experiment based on a verse of the Psalms: 'If I say, Peradventure the darkness shall cover me——' He went alone into the night-

nursery one morning, shut the door, and called out 'Peradventure!' Although he repeated the word several times, the darkness did not cover him, and he left the room much chagrined, to confide to Dollie his want of success.

The hymns which children are given to learn should be explained word by word to them, so extravagantly absurd are the constructions often put by them upon the apparently simple expressions they contain. And, unless they have occasion to write them out, one may never know the full extent of these misunderstandings. 'Fowl, I to the Fountain fly,' seems to Jacky a more appropriate version than the original; and to him there is nothing very surprising in the lines

Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she-bear?

for he has heard many stories of the wonderful maternal instinct of the bear.

The author of the hymn in which the lines

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thine altars, O most High,

occur, has a good deal to answer for. He has brought heaven down so very low; and it was not astonishing that Jacky, after hearing the hymn for the first time, should have asked his mother if she had ever seen any angels roosting in the very tall trees. He also complained that he couldn't make out how the angels did without a floor; it was all ceiling in the sky, and he wondered they didn't fall out.

When a child encounters a strange word for the first time with no one at hand to explain it, he naturally creates for it a meaning which is as likely as not widely different from the right one. 'Rock of Ages, *cleft* for me' meant for Jacky '*pray* for me.' He took *cleft* to be the imperative of the verb *to cleft*. It had to mean something, so why not *pray*? Learning by heart before they are able to read leads children into extraordinary mistakes. 'All that are *put in authority* under them' became 'All that are *pet in a forty*' in the mouth of Jacky struggling with his Duty towards his Neighbour.

Then when he came back from his first visit to the seaside, the kind old vicar asked him what he had seen. 'You saw the sea, and the rocks?' 'Yes.' 'And the fish and crabs and sea-anemones—all the wonderful and beautiful things God has made?'

'Yes, but I *never* saw the tinomies.' 'What do you mean, my child?' 'Well, the *tinomies* that's in the Commandments. It says the sea and all the *tinomies*' (that in them is), 'but I never saw *them*.'

There is a picture of the Virgin Martyr in his mother's room, and he has heard her speak of some music called the 'Stabat Mater.' But the words have got mixed up in Jacky's head, and he was heard to tell the nursery-maid that the picture was called the *Stabat Martyr*, which was the French for *stabbed* martyr, the cloaked ruffians departing in the distance having stabbed the poor martyr before throwing her into the water! It is to be hoped that this nursery-maid has been well grounded in the doctrines and dogmas of the Anglican Church, for Jacky's theological notions, which he is always careful to impart to Elizabeth, are often unorthodox. 'You know, Elizabeth,' he said to her a few days ago, 'our *bodies* don't go to heaven, mummie says—only our heads and our legs.' A cherub made up of a head and a pair of legs would be a most ungraceful substitute for the recognised form, but it is pretty clear that Jacky was not contemplating such an innovation. It was only that a body to him meant simply a torso.

Sometimes poor Jacky's theology is very muddled, so much so as to make his mother fear that her teaching has been at fault, and wonder whether she would not have done better to hand him over to the tender mercies of Miss Namby at the Sunday school. She told him gravely one day that he had broken one of the Commandments (the fifth, very likely). 'Ah, well,' said he quite cheerfully, 'I've only got nine more to break now!'

But he makes shrewd enough remarks sometimes. When he was in the south of Ireland the other day, he observed seriously, 'I'm beginning to know the Roman Catholics from the Protestants quite well. The Roman Catholics are the ones that go to church on weekdays'—an excellent commentary on the lukewarmness of the 'Black' Protestant, who keeps his religious ardour for controversial purposes.

Again, he showed his quickness when his nurse reproved him one wet Sunday for playing 'circus' with the rocking-horse. 'It's not a Sunday game, Master Jacky,' she said; 'couldn't you think of something nicer?' 'All right,' cried Jacky, after a moment's reflection; 'Dobbin shall be a missionary's horse in the desert. He's drawing a caravan full of converted slaves.'

The well-known story of the little girl who was told to go and

ask God to forgive her for her naughtiness and came jauntily downstairs after her prayers to inform her friends that God had replied, 'Pray don't mention it, Miss Perkins; it really is a matter of no consequence,' is an illustration by an extreme instance of that over-familiarity with the Deity in which some people see fit to encourage their children. Jacky longed above all things for a bicycle—longed and prayed, too, that some one, his godmother for choice, would give him one. Every day he came downstairs hoping to find the machine of his prayers in the hall. At last something came, but it was a tricycle; and godmamma, lying in ambush to be a witness of the child's raptures, heard instead a heavy sigh, and 'O God, I did think *you* would have known the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle.' Once, when he had been so exceedingly naughty that his mother almost despaired of him, she told him he must pray to God to make him a better boy. Accordingly he began with the usual formula, 'Pray, God, make me a good boy,' adding, after a pause, 'and, if at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.' He no doubt hoped to rid himself of any responsibility in the matter of his badness which might be considered to attach to him. Of course he asks unanswerable questions, based only too often on the unguarded, and perhaps unfounded, statements of his elders. 'Why do people's guardian angels let burglars come into their rooms at night? Why doesn't God put the devil in prison? Mayn't *good* dogs go to heaven when they die?' and so forth. His mother is considering the advisability of attaching a private chaplain to her household who shall be fully able to cope with Jacky.

I. M. P.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

THE genius of great men lies not, as is too often imagined, in making something out of nothing, a kind of creation which is unknown to history, but in discerning a work to be done and in using the existing material for its performance. It is in the grasp of a situation, the construction of a purpose, and the utilisation of opportunities in its execution, that a statesman's greatness consists, and all the very great captains are statesmen. War is a means to an end, and nothing more; it is a phase of policy in action. The test of greatness in its management lies in the fitness of the operations for the attainment of the political end. War carried on for its own sake, or for the sake of winning battles, is a mere handicraft, the occupation of small minds. In noble war, the war of the great masters, the political purpose dominates everything. To understand Gustavus Adolphus we must grasp this purpose, ascertaining first how he interpreted the situation in which he found himself, so as to construe out of it his life's work, and then how he used his means and opportunities in the accomplishment of the task thus chosen.

On succeeding in 1611 to the throne of Sweden, Gustavus had by the fact of his kingship a threefold mission imposed upon him. His title to the crown had to be asserted against the King of Poland who contested it; and it had to be justified in the hearts of his subjects by successful action for the maintenance of Swedish independence and of the Protestant religion. The independence of Sweden was synonymous with the command of the Baltic, for as Denmark, in possession of Norway and of both shores of the Sound, almost cut off Sweden from the North Sea, the principal communication between Sweden and the civilised world was by the waters of the Baltic. Gustavus thus had to resist Denmark, Russia, and Poland. He took these quarrels one by one. In two years he had won from Denmark a peace by which his hold upon Elfsborg, giving him access to the North Sea, was secured. In four years more he had compelled Russia to acquiesce in his possession of the eastern shores of the Baltic so far as they lay between Russia and that sea. Then came the Polish war, which continued with interruptions until September 1629, ending with

a truce by which Gustavus was left in possession of Memel, Pillau, Braunsberg, and Elbing, that is, in control of the coast. In 1628 the attack of Wallenstein upon Stralsund revealed a new claimant for power on the Baltic. The Emperor had the Protestant States of Germany under his heel, and the Catholic design was with Spanish help to secure ascendancy on the northern inland sea. Gustavus saw that his work must all be undone unless this design were frustrated; that it was dangerous to wait until Sweden should be attacked, and that by taking the initiative he would compel the Protestants of Germany to be his helpers. Accordingly, making alliance with France, the other great enemy of the Emperor, he resolved to attack the Empire in Germany and to complete the defences of Sweden by the acquisition of the coasts of Pomerania and Mecklenburg. The time of his action was propitious, for Wallenstein had just been driven from command, and the Emperor by the edict of restitution had embittered the chief Protestant princes, though they still hesitated to take up arms against him. Gustavus landed on the island of Usedom, at the mouth of the Oder, in July 1630. His force was small, but the Imperialist forces in the north-east of Germany were also small, and were scattered over a wide area without unity of command. He never expected or intended the Swedish army alone to overthrow the Catholic Powers—the Emperor and the League—but he regarded it as the instrument by which he would unite the Protestant States and bind their several twigs into a strong rod with which to chastise their opponents.

Gustavus is often described as an inventor or originator in the matter of tactics and organisation. The truth is that he was merely, what every intelligent commander is, a thorough student of the military sciences of his time, applying to his own army with discernment, and with an authority which his teachers not being kings did not possess, the lessons he had learned. His masters were the military leaders belonging to the House of Orange, whose tactical judgment at the close of the sixteenth century had been stimulated by the study of Polybius. They had perceived the superiority of the legion, as a combination of separate mobile units each homogeneous in its armament but representing by their working together the co-operation of different arms, over the phalanx as a great immobile mass of heterogeneous elements. Accordingly they taught an order of battle in which the then traditional great squares of pikemen lined

outside with musketmen were broken up into small oblongs, either of pikemen or of musketmen, disposed chequerwise for mutual support. They reduced the depth of these bodies so as to prevent the rear ranks being idle spectators of the defeat of the front ranks. They developed the use of firearms and advocated the preparation of an attack by the fire of artillery. These were the lessons which Gustavus Adolphus put into practice, improving his artillery and his musketry so as to develop a rapid fire. He is said to have taught his cavalry to rely upon pace and shock and the *arme blanche*, having learned in these matters from his Polish experience, but upon these points the evidence is imperfect. He is known to have studied Machiavelli's great work on war, the profoundest treatise on strategy written between the fall of the Western Empire and the maturity of Frederick the Great, and there he would find ideas akin to his own upon the subject of a national army, of discipline and of the use of force for the attainment of political ends. The Swedish discipline and the experience of many campaigns in Poland gave his troops the superiority upon every field, and the small formations on the Dutch or Protestant model invariably had the better of the large and ponderous squares and oblongs to which the Catholic armies still clung.

The king's strategy can best be judged by examining it in connection with three definitions representing as many aspects of this branch of military theory. One writer has said that strategy is the doctrine of communications. In the first half of the seventeenth century there were no metalled roads in Germany. Heavy goods were conveyed by water. The population lived in walled towns where all the produce of the surrounding districts was stored. Thus the movement of an army at a distance from rivers was much embarrassed, and as the haulage of supplies by land was impracticable except for short distances it was necessary to have access to the towns for provisions. A country devoid of rivers and towns presented difficulties to the passage of an army resembling those offered in our own day by a desert. An unfordable river, moreover, was a very serious obstacle, bridges being few and their construction slow. These are the keys to one part of the strategy of Gustavus Adolphus. Based on the shore of the Baltic which was a Swedish lake behind him, he landed on one of the islands at the mouth of the Oder, took the other island, and thus obtained control of the estuary; he then advanced up that

river, making Stettin his principal depôt, occupying Cüstrin, and eventually taking Frankfurt, Landsberg (on the Wartha), and Crossen. The passages of the Oder being thus in the hands of the king, the Imperialist forces on its right bank were isolated and the coast of Pomerania between Stettin and Danzig was reduced by the Swedes. At the same time Gustavus established a firm hold on Pomerania west of the Oder, besieging the coast towns which were occupied by Imperial troops and covering the sieges by a field army. His arrangements during the first months of 1631 illustrate his use of rivers. Stralsund and Wolgast were in his hands and he was besieging Greifswald. For this purpose he held the continuous water line formed by the Peene, the Trebel, and the Recknitz, having garrisons in the towns at which these streams could be crossed: at Anklam, Loitz, Demmin, Tribsees, and Dammgarten. He instructs Fieldmarshal Horn to keep in his own hands all the boats on these rivers in order to defend the streams and in order to carry reinforcements to any point where they may be required. At a later stage we find him protecting a more extended base by the similar water line of the Spree and the Havel, extending from Frankfurt on the Oder to his entrenched camp at Werben at the confluence of the Havel with the Elbe. When the alliance with Brandenburg and with Saxony and the defeat of Tilly at Breitenfeld have rendered practicable his advance into South Germany, his communications were formed by the occupation of a series of towns until he reached the Main; here he held the strong fortress of Würzburg, and from this point the Main formed his principal communication. He marched his troops along its banks and transported his artillery and supplies in boats on the river. Thus from the point of view of communications the instruments of his strategy are rivers and fortified towns.

A favourite account of the essence of strategy is that it consists in dividing an army for the purposes of movement and supply and in uniting it for battle. In this matter Gustavus appears as a precursor of Napoleon. At first sight the modern student is astonished at the dispersal of the Swedish forces; but a close examination shows that Gustavus has always arranged for a concentration in case of need, and his instructions to his scattered generals are full of provisions for the event of a concentration becoming requisite.

A third account of strategy regards it as the art of using battles so as to further the object of the war. Gustavus, though

the very ideal of personal bravery, and though he has perfect confidence in the *morale* and in the tactical superiority of his troops, never fights a battle for nothing. In the whole war, from his landing in July 1630 to his death in November 1632, there are only four general engagements. At Breitenfeld Gustavus attacked Tilly against his own strategical judgment in order to secure the alliance of the Elector of Saxony, whose immediate anxiety to prevent his territories being ravaged induced him to urge an attack upon the Imperialists. When the king thinks the time ripe for striking a blow against the enemy's army, he is deterred by no considerations of numbers or position. Thus, when his great base from the Baltic to the Rhine has been secured and the time has come for taking the offensive from this base against the Catholic Powers, he attacks the Bavarian army, although its position behind the Lech was, according to the then current opinion, almost impregnable. In the same way at Nuremberg, so soon as he has united with the army of Oxenstierna the force which till then he has preserved in his entrenched camp, he attacks Wallenstein, though the Imperialist general held a fortified position which, as the event proved, was too strong even for Swedish bravery and Swedish tactics. A few weeks later, when Wallenstein by his invasion of Saxony threatens at once the king's system of alliances, his communications with the Baltic, and the centre of his great base, or *sedes belli*, Gustavus unhesitatingly marches to the attack and delivers it without the slightest delay. The strategy of Gustavus Adolphus was methodical, not in the perverse sense of an attempt to prove a theory by practice, but in the higher sense of the rational employment of the available means clearly understood in order to effect a purpose of which the grasp is never relaxed.

The career of Gustavus Adolphus in Germany has been the subject of controversies upon which some light may be shed by a consideration of the king's design in connection with the conditions in which it had to be executed. In the first place he has been held responsible for the fall of Magdeburg, in the sense that his action stimulated and encouraged the resistance offered by that town to the Emperor, and that he failed to bring relief in time. The alliance between Magdeburg and Sweden was concluded in August 1630, when the enterprise of Gustavus was just beginning. The king's purpose was to unite the Protestant States for their defence, and he may well have expected the example set

by Magdeburg of alliance with himself to have been more readily followed than it was. He sent Falkenberg, who proved himself in the highest degree brave, skilful, and determined, to assist in the defence of the town, and he conducted his own operations with unprecedented energy and persistency. He could not have fully foreseen the vacillation and timidity of the Elector of Brandenburg and of his Saxon colleague. To have marched to the relief of Magdeburg while the policy of Brandenburg was in doubt, would have been an act, not of generalship, but of Quixotic folly, and it is perhaps the best proof of the strength of the king's character that he did not attempt it, though he took decided measures for bringing Brandenburg on to his side.

The next disputed question is concerned with the course taken by Gustavus after the battle of Breitenfeld. He engaged the Elector of Saxony in the invasion of Silesia and Bohemia, and himself marched through Thuringia to the Main and the Rhine. It has been thought that a more decisive operation would have been for Gustavus himself to march upon Vienna, leaving the Elector of Saxony to operate in the German States.

This course was not dictated by sound strategy. There was in Austria no military objective, for there was at this time no Imperial army to be attacked. Vienna had not the importance which it possessed a hundred and fifty years later. The Emperor would have left his capital, and if, as was probable, he refused to make peace, Gustavus would have found himself in the position of Napoleon at Moscow. Moreover, a march on Vienna from Leipzig was probably impracticable. Bohemia had been devastated, and neither the direction of the rivers nor the distribution of the towns facilitated such a march. But the decisive consideration is that the enterprise would have diverted the King of Sweden from his great design, which was in the first place to unite the Protestants of Germany. The Elector of Saxony was quite unequal to this task, and in case of any mishap to the Swedish arms might have turned against them and made terms with the Emperor against Gustavus. The course adopted increased the breach between the Saxon Elector and the Emperor, and enabled Gustavus to strengthen himself by uniting under his own lead the Protestants of South Germany. It enabled him to create a new and strong base between the Main and the Upper Danube, and prepared the way for the most effective attack upon the chief Catholic Powers, Bavaria and the Emperor, that by the line of the

Danube. Oxenstierna was the advocate of the march on Vienna. Nothing more clearly proves the inferiority of his judgment to that of his master, which partly explains the collapse of the great scheme immediately upon the king's death.

The king has been blamed for marching on Munich and conquering Bavaria while the Elector was effecting his junction with Wallenstein, which Gustavus was thus too late to prevent. But at this time the king did not know the direction of the movements of his adversaries, and the most effective blow against the Bavarian Power consisted in the conquest of the Elector's territory; so soon as Gustavus was aware that the junction was to be attempted, he marched with extraordinary rapidity to prevent it. The moment he perceived himself to be too late he entrenched his army at Nuremberg, and awaited reinforcements; the moment they arrived he attacked the enemy. Though the attack failed, the repulse was not decisive, for the Swedish army was intact. Wallenstein was compelled to retire, and during the time when his direction was uncertain, the king moved into Swabia in order to restore his authority in the region which was to be his base in a future campaign down the Danube.

It has been suggested that the proper reply to Wallenstein's march upon Leipzig was for the king to march upon Vienna. But no general in his senses will commence an offensive against a distant point in the enemy's rear when that enemy is already at the centre of his own communications. The immediate base of Gustavus at this time was on the Main, but his great base was the whole of Germany between Ulm and Stettin, and its extremities were connected by his alliance with Saxony. Wallenstein's object was to break up this base by forcing the Elector of Saxony to desert his ally. Gustavus was therefore compelled to march directly to the attack of Wallenstein. Had he survived the battle of Lützen, which would in that case have been decisive, he would have been master of Germany, could have dictated terms to the Emperor, and would have had to resist the subsequent intrusion of Richelieu. His death left his work unfinished, the Protestants disunited, and Richelieu master of the situation. At the peace of Westphalia, Sweden retained little more than that strip of Pomerania between the Recknitz and the Lower Oder, which had been the king's original base.

In summing up the work of Gustavus Adolphus it seems possible to distinguish between two parts of his design: that

which represented the defence of Sweden, the national purpose, and that which represented the ideal of the king's personal ambition, the *corpus evangelicorum*, in which no doubt his own influence was to be paramount. That this latter ideal really possessed him is proved by his dying words when Wallenstein's cuirassiers finding him wounded asked his name. According to a tradition which seems to rest upon sufficient evidence, he replied: 'I am the King of Sweden, who seal the religion and liberty of the German nation with my blood.' It is probable, however, that this conception was not an essential part of the original plan, but that it grew up during the course of the struggle and was fostered alike by difficulties and by success. At any rate Oxenstierna, after the king's death, said that his general intention had been to secure his empire of the Baltic, to break the power of his enemies, to free the oppressed territories and then to pause or to go on according to circumstances; that he had never expected to go as far as he had done, and had all along taken advantage of opportunity and based his decisions from time to time on the situation which presented itself.

The design then of a permanent union of the German Protestant States under Swedish direction was gradually formed as a result of the difficult conditions with which the king had to deal. His first act on obtaining possession of Stettin was to compel the Duke of Mecklenburg to sign a treaty by which, on the death of that potentate, who was childless, his duchy should be held by Sweden until the costs of the war, fixed at a very high sum, had been repaid. The next heir on the death of the Duke was the Elector of Brandenburg, who naturally thought this treaty an aggression on his rights. The treaties which Gustavus made with most of the Protestant States stipulated that he should have the sole command of their armies. The Elector of Saxony, who thought himself the principal Protestant personage in Germany, took umbrage at the great position thus acquired by the Swedish king. None of the Protestant magnates could rise to the king's conception of a great Protestant cause, especially as it required sacrifices from them and, as he had made himself its representative, gave additional power to him. Yet the Protestant population of Germany rightly recognised in him the leader of their cause. The lukewarmness of his allies compelled him in asserting the cause to assert himself also. His case is like that of Cromwell, whose ideal was so lofty that none

but himself could realise it, and in whom, therefore, devotion to a great end of necessity took the form of the assumption of authority in his own hands. The second half of the King's design was forced upon him by that individual independence and consequent disunion of the Protestant princes which had already all but ruined them and which after his death was destined to prevent their triumph. The enduring success of that portion of the king's purpose which represented the defence of Sweden, and the failure of that part of it which represented his ultimate personal ambition, suggest an interesting parallel to the results of Napoleon's work as summed up by the late Sir John Seeley, who held that Napoleon's work, in so far as it represented the national interests of France, was abiding, but that the project of an extended empire, which developed in his own ambition as the consequence of his success, produced only ephemeral results. In each case the sense of nationality and the love of independence in the States whose co-operation was required frustrated an ideal design represented by the ruler of a foreign State. In the case of Gustavus Adolphus this ultimate failure was not prevented by the high morality and humanity of the ideal which he had conceived. The net result of his work was to establish for a full century the greatness of Sweden and to save from destruction, though not to bring about the preponderance of, the Protestant cause in Germany.

SPENSER WILKINSON.

TRESPASSING ON THE TSAR.

A CRIMEAN EXPERIENCE.

'You had better get out here,' said the Countess, as the britzka came out on the edge of the Crimean plateau, above the broad belt of undercliff which sloped away below us, a confusion of grey rock and green forest, to the distant blue rim of the Black Sea.

'You English like walking; besides, I want some wild peonies, which you can bring to the Villa W——. We lunch at two. Then this view has always the same effect on strangers; you will be silent or sentimental the rest of the way, and it is an hour's drive down.'

I thought marooning in a Crimean forest a severe penalty even for such offences against the social code; but I knew the Countess too well to object, though our acquaintance only dated from that morning, when she had rescued me from the posting master at Simpheropol. He had asked me for a drink out of my railway reading-lamp, under the impression it was a flask. Being a nervous Englishman, I had not the courage to refuse, nor the Russian to explain. Besides, I thought it could not be nastier than vodka; but it was, and he gave me in charge for an attempt to drug him, though the paraffin had certainly not acted as a sedative. If the Countess had not appeared, and settled everything out of hand by offering me a lift over the mountains to Yalta, I might have become an international incident.

'That path will take you straight down to the coast,' continued the Countess. 'You had better not leave it, because of the Jewish vineyards; the elders sit on stages in the middle and shoot. Oh, no! they don't ask you to go, because, of course, no one would do anything a Jew asked him. The Count—he is prokuror of the district—was so puzzled last week because an elder's gun burst when firing at a trespasser, and he was killed. The widow and six children—— Sad? Oh, you don't understand. It was the Jew that was killed. Well, they all came and accused the trespasser of murder; but the Count let him off Siberia, because he agreed to marry the widow. Yes, I think

the poor fellow was wrong to do so. But then, if the worst came to the worst, it would only be Siberia again, and it's only ten years for a Jewess. You will keep on the path, unless you meet people with packs, especially if they look like Greeks; they are always dangerous when smuggling. And if you come to a house keep away if it looks like a Tartar farm, for the men are abroad all day, and the women shut up, and the dogs go about in packs. Once they ate a Turk, all but his boots; and when the relatives claimed them the Tartar said they were his, because he owned the dogs, and the Turk belonged to them and the boots to the Turk; so the Count had them given to the pack, and restored them to the original owner. Then when you come to the coast follow the track along the cliffs, and it will bring you to the Villa W——. Don't go the other way, or you will come to Livadia, the Emperor's villa. There are three cordons of soldiers round it, and the neighbourhood is very unhealthy, especially for strangers. It is really very dangerous the way you Englishmen will walk about in strange countries. Be sure and remember about the Jew watchmen and the Greek smugglers, and the Tartar dogs, and the peonies and Livadia, and luncheon at two. I hope you will enjoy your walk. *Au revoir!* Poskoryëi, Ivan !'

I hoped so too, but not confidently, having suffered much abroad from the national reputation for love of adventure. In appearance I knew the nationalities of the Crimea to be equally disreputable, and I should have liked a clearer indication of viciousness in watchmen, smugglers, and watchdogs than their religion.

After an hour's walk through the woods I came out on the sea at the mouth of a wooded glen between two low scarped headlands. Wherever the cliffs were not absolutely sheer, undergrowth and rank plants grew down to the shingle beach. The path was unmistakable, a rough track leading up over the bluff on either side; but in one direction it led to luncheon and the Countess, in the other to Livadia and the cordons. Scarcely was I securely impaled on the horns of this dilemma when I heard a clattering above, and a pony appeared over the eastern bluff. On the pony sat a portly personage in a blue caftan and a red fez. In one hand he held a large white umbrella open over his head; in the other he held a closed green one, with which he banged the pony when it made a false step. Behind him a long cavalcade of pack ponies successively topped the sky-line; every third or fourth

was led by a picturesque ruffian with an armoury of small arms in his sash.

My rapidity of decision often increases with the emergency. In a moment I had decided, and had swiftly ascended the western bluff. At the top I turned. The cavalcade had halted, and the men were gathered round the man on the pony, who was gesticulating with the closed umbrella and enforcing important points with the open one.

'Well,' thought I, 'they are certainly smugglers, and probably Greeks. I shall surely be taken prisoner, and probably held to ransom. I wish I had never left Ennismore Gardens. Better an August in London, where police are, than a *villégiature* with smugglers.' So I turned to go down the other slope, when below in the next glen I saw a flat-roofed building in a courtyard. Not a soul was to be seen, but the yard was full of dogs asleep in the sun or prowling.

'Well,' I thought, 'they are certainly watchdogs and probably Tartar. I shall surely be bitten and possibly devoured. I wish I had walked from Simpheropol. Better have worn out one's boots than have preserved them at the expense of one's person.' So I turned again, and went into the woods on the right. After pushing some way through the grass I came out on a clearing planted with vines. In the middle was a staging, and on it stood an unkempt elderly individual. The sun glinted on the barrel of a long firelock as he moved from side to side, uttering at intervals a melodious bellow.

'Well,' thought I, 'he is certainly a watchman, and he looks like a Jew. If he sees me I shall surely be shot, and possibly prosecuted. Better any fate than a Jewish widow with six children.' So I returned to the cliffs, and made my way over the rocks, which were piled halfway up their face, through very thick scrub. When I reached the next headland I saw growing above, on the top of the cliff, a grand bed of wild peonies. I climbed up a steep rock couloir to the top of the bluff, and sitting down among the peonies looked back on the supposed Tartar farm lying below in the full blaze of a Crimean sun. Nothing stirred except some restless or flea-bitten dog, but in the strip of shade under the eaves, on a bench which ran the length of the house, lounged yellow serge-clad soldiers in every attitude of heat and boredom. Along the glen, in the shade of rock and tree, stood sentries, as invisible to me when on the opposite bluff as I was

then to them, but now as painfully apparent to me as I—— But I was in the middle of the peonies before this thought had had time to take shape. Unfortunately in moving I started a stone, which fell over the cliffs on to the rocks below, ringing through the still air like a pistol shot. It was instantly answered by a hoarse challenge from the beach, repeated a few yards further on, and again further, until the file-fire of Russian gutturals died away round the next headland, and far inland up the glen.

‘Well,’ thought I, ‘they are certainly sentries, and evidently a cordon. I wish I had never seen the Countess. Better be convicted of poisoning a postmaster than arrested for trespassing on the Tsar. I shall surely be shot and probably sent to Siberia, for this is the Livadia cordon, and I am inside it.’

I carefully parted the peonies which screened me from the beach, and looked down. A soldier was standing ankle-deep in the ripple in an odd, constrained attitude. I wondered what he was doing, until I noticed that a little bright ‘o’ under his cheek was a rifle barrel, and that I was looking down the muzzle. I withdrew to the depth of the peony bed. A half-hour, I should say, passed; I held my breath all the time. I was roused by a noise of clambering below, and slid one eye towards the edge of the peony bed. Close underneath the round red face of a Russian private rose over the rocks; he clambered steadily up, holding his rifle over his head, and stopping occasionally to wipe the sweat out of his eyes; for the rocks were steep and held the heat like a furnace, and he was a Northerner and a man of the Plains. At the foot of the little cliff he stopped; he looked at the peony bed at the top, he looked at the twenty feet of steep rock below it, then picked up a pebble and threw it up as a deputy. ‘Hoosh!’ said he. I scuffled among the peonies, to represent a startled animal, and he sat down with his back to the cliffs, with the air of a man who has done more than his duty and means to neglect it a little. I picked a bunch of the peonies and looked out again; he still, like a good Russian, had his eyes fixed on Constantinople.

I crept into the woods and through them, keeping a line which would take me out of the angle of the cordon within which I was caught. In the woods I passed the other two cordons without difficulty, for I was on the lookout and they were not. Presently I came against a holly hedge, broke through it, and found myself in a labyrinth of gardens, through which I wandered

for hours, feeling like a character in the 'Arabian Nights.' Never again shall I see such a sight as those acres of undercliff.

I frequently passed gardeners, but they disturbed me no further than by their profound bows; finally, in a Greek temple arranged as an orchid house, I came upon two young ladies cutting flowers. My peonies appeared to draw their attention, and after a little whispering one asked in Russian, 'Pray, sir, would you tell us where you found those peonies? My sister and I have often looked for them in the park, but in vain. Oh, thank you! Indeed, we did not mean to deprive you—but if they were really intended for us—at least you must allow us to compensate you;' and she handed me her basket of orchids.

'The peonies,' said I, 'grow on the bluff inside the outside cordon; but they are difficult of access, and if I might sometimes bring some——'

'To General V——'s quarters, in the left wing,' said she. 'We will exchange them for some of these flowers which—are also difficult of access.'

A harsh voice outside called, 'Sonya, Masha!'

'That is the General; we must not stay; *do svidanya*,' said they.

I thought I must not either, and hurried away through the other end of the temple; but I now had a purpose. A bunch of peonies had brought me into Livadia; a basket of orchids should get me out of it.

I walked as quickly as dignity would permit towards a distant stone wall in which was a gate and a grille faced outside with sheet iron. Beside it stood a guard-house, before it two sentries, and the great golden double-headed eagle sprawled and gaped above. As I came up the two soldiers crossed bayonets before the gate.

'Why haven't you opened the gate?' said I; 'I shall positively have to wait.'

'Your well-bornship will pardon,' said one; 'none may pass.'

'Absurd!' said I. 'You know who I am; open at once.'

'Your high-well-bornship will deign to have patience; it is an order. His Majesty arrives to-morrow.'

'Of course, but I hasten to her Supreme Excellency the Countess W——, with these flowers from the noble ladies, the daughters of his Excellency the highly honoured General V——.'

‘But I have not the key, your Excellency,’ said the poor man in great distress.

‘Disgraceful negligence!’ said I; ‘go, get it at once.’

‘But the sergeant has it; and he is digging potatoes, and I dare not leave my post.’

I turned away in despair, to try somewhere else, when in the distance, up the vista of gardens, I saw the two young ladies of the temple, standing with a big man in a large white cap and the uniform of a general of the Guard. One of them held the fatal peonies in her hand, and the big man appeared to be interested in the conversation. Suddenly he wheeled round and strode swiftly in the direction of the gate.

‘There is General V——,’ said I to the sentries, pointing out the white cap in the distance, as it appeared over an intervening cluster rose. ‘If he comes and finds me waiting here, there will be a terrible row. Now I do not like getting anybody into trouble, so I will incommode myself so far as to climb over the gate.’

‘Thank your high-well-born Supreme Excellency,’ said the guards.

I went up that gate like a squirrel, orchids and all, for the General’s steps were already crunching the gravel of the path behind. As I bestrode the golden eagle he saw me, picked up his sword, and ran, his spurs winking over the grass in the sunlight and the orders twinkling on his tunic. I pride myself on being the first foreigner who ever made a Russian general run.

I cut the descent short, picked myself up, and hurried down the avenue, praying that the iron gate might be bullet-proof and the potato garden not convenient to the guard-house. I did not run, but that was on account of the patrols. Some of them barred the way, but I waved them aside with the orchids, and they fell back apologetically, and saluted. Presently I met a well-appointed brougham, empty; I stopped it, got in, and told the coachman to drive quickly to the Villa W——. At sunset I entered the Countess’s hall.

I was met by the Count. ‘You’re safe, then,’ said he; ‘that will save trouble; but,’ he asked anxiously, ‘have you the wild peonies of the Countess?’

‘No, but I have the hothouse orchids of the General’s daughter,’ I replied. He shook his head dubiously, and we went into the drawing-room.

'You are late for luncheon,' said the Countess, 'and you have not the peonies. Don't explain; it will bore me——Oh! how lovely! You Englishmen are wonderful: at noon I leave you in the forest on foot, looking for peonies; at sunset you come out of it in a carriage and pair, with priceless orchids. Pray explain how you came by them. No, it will not bore me. Why, Livadia has not their like! What, you think it has? Very well, then the Count shall take you there to-morrow—you could not get in otherwise—with an introduction to General V——, the Groom of the Palace, who will show you the gardens. He has very pretty daughters; take them a bouquet, and they will give you flowers, which you can bring to me.'

But I did not explain; nor did I go to Livadia, not seeing any point in which I could improve on my first visit.

YEGOR YEGOREVITSCH.

A MOTE.¹

I AWOKE from a dream of a gruesome fight with a giant geranium. I surveyed, with drowsy satisfaction and complacency, the eccentric jogs and jerks of my aunt's head. Dozing in her basket chair, she reminded me of an Oriental doll decked in a bunch of gaudy fabrics. Her cap squatted unsafely and awry upon her pendulous curls; her yellow, glossy-skinned, emerald-ringed hands lay loosely upon her silken lap. I sat in my chair like some gorged spider surveying his grey expanse of web, more placid than malevolent concerning this meagre fly. The sleepy sun leered upon the garden with blowzy face. I turned from my aunt to the black cat. The luminous green of his eye glowered with lazy spitefulness upon the manœuvres of a regiment of gnats. Him too, with sleepy amusement, I wove into the tapestry of my dreams. Presently, beyond measure vexed, the beast sprang into the air and buffeted right and left with his fore paws. I turned towards my uncle to enjoy with him a smile at its behaviour, and thus on a sudden perceived his odd posture. His bald mauve head was propped upon his right hand, and his elbow was supported by his chequered knee. He seemed to be watching with minute attention a sun-beetle diligently labouring between the stubborn grass-blades. His attitude was conventional, but his gaze was extraordinary; for he was looking at the beetle with the whites of his eyes.

So that there might be no doubt in the matter, I dropped cautiously upon my knees and peered up at his face from underneath. His mouth was open, just wide enough to betray the glint of gold between his teeth; a faint, infantile flush reddened his cheeks; his lids were uncommon wide apart, disclosing, not two grey pupils, but simply two unrelieved ovals of yellowish white. I was amazed. In my amazement I forgot discretion; I stayed upon my knees in the soft turf—thus becoming an insurmountable obstacle to the beetle—and thought hard. Perhaps my fixed attention troubled my uncle; perhaps he heard me breathing. For, on an alarming sudden, his orbs revolved as it were on greased hinges, and his two pale grey pupils, with an un-

¹ Those who hold the doctrine of transmigration will hardly fail, after they have read this story, to think that the spirit of Edgar Allan Poe is once more abroad.—Ed. Cornhill.

wanted glitter in them, gazed full into mine. The pink flush upon his cheek deepened into an unwholesome ruddiness. His teeth clicked together. He fastened an icy finger and thumb upon my wrist, and, stealthily craning his neck, looked back upon my aunt. Audibly satisfied with her serene helplessness, and still bent almost double, he beckoned me over the lawn towards the apple trees. This obscure conduct in a man of transparent respectability—the admiration of every comfortable widow of the neighbourhood, a man of ponderous jollity and bellicose good-humour—gave me not a little satisfaction. I congratulated myself on his lapse from sobriety. It had always seemed to me a misfortune that so potential a Falstaff should be a saint. Under cover of the apple trees, with red cheeks made ruddier by the belated beams of the sun through the twinkling leaves, he looked as bibulous a sinner as one might wish. I was to be disappointed.

‘What were they like?’ said he anxiously.

‘All white,’ said I laughing.

‘Ah! don’t giggle, my boy!’ said he. ‘I see, I see, you are yet in your veal. Drunkenness and women are the whole duty of the twenties. I am not drunk.’ (His manner defied incredulity.) ‘One minute’s silence, my boy. I must see the end of this. The place is black under the pines, and soon the moon will be swallowed up by the drift. Two minutes!’ Whereupon he rolled back his pupils, and with white blind eyes stood gently swaying to and fro in a yellow ribbon of sunlight. Through the green of the trees I could see the unrhythmic flutter of my aunt’s lavender ribbons. Patiently, and with some alarm, I awaited the return of uncle’s pupils. Presently they again revolved, and returned to their normal position. ‘Trouble is brewing,’ said he, blinking at the sun, ‘but yet he stalks on inscrutable.’ He heaved a prodigious sigh, and clutched at my wrist. ‘My heart will knuckle under some day,’ said he. ‘Feel that!’ He placed my hand upon a piston-rod just above his watch fob. Blue had mingled with the red in his face. I deemed it better to be dumb. ‘You see, my boy,’ he continued in an asthmatic voice, ‘if your aunt knew of these things, it would be farewell to quiet. She would never cease to worry. Besides, your aunt is not fanciful. Why should she be?’ he asked himself strenuously.

‘Can I be of any help?’ said I. ‘I have skimmed a few medical books. I know a chap in Guy’s. I might, you know—’

‘Medical books be damned!’ said my uncle. This I took to be

a reassuring symptom. 'I am not a monstrosity,' he added irritably; 'my carcase is my own. Hang it! I'll tell you, Edmond. Let me tell you all from the beginning; the burden grows irksome upon my back. Only the night shares it with me. He is on his trackless travels even now, and I am not there to see. Scoff if you please, but do not preach. Sit down, my boy; your aunt is good for ten minutes.'

His gravity astonished me even more than his eccentricity. I sat down at the foot of an apple tree and leaned my back against its whitewashed trunk. My uncle did likewise.

'I remember,' said he, wrinkling his lids, 'I remember a dream frequently dreamed when I was about six or seven years old, I used to wake wet and shaking. It was a simple dream of an interminable path between walls of white smooth stone. By that way one might walk to eternity, or space, or infinity. You understand?' I nodded my head. 'Remember, my boy, I find it hard work to prose—I would sooner be watching. That dream never came back to me after I was twelve years old, but since then I have had other dreams, as false to the Ten Commandments. I have seen things which Nature would spit out of her mouth. Yet each one has been threaded, each has been one of an interminable sequence. There's a theory written under the letter D in a little book I used to keep when I first entered the Bank, "A Theory concerning Dreams expressed algebraically"—the result of mental flatulency. So far you are clear?' 'Yes,' said I. 'Well, last autumn, towards the end of October, a time of strong winds, I was troubled with many sleepless nights. Being retired from the Bank I could not occupy my mind with mental arithmetic, so, having no dry goods to carry in my head, I simply gave unlimited rope to my thoughts. Now I wear the halter. On the 5th November, Guy Fawkes' Day (I remember that your aunt complained of a strong smell of gunpowder in the bedroom), at a quarter to two, by St. Simon's clock, I was lying flat upon my back and wide awake. My eyes were naturally attracted by the white circle of light thrown by the gas globe upon the ceiling. Your aunt will not sleep without a glimmer of light in the room. Without danger of lying I may say that I was thinking absolutely of nothing. It is a vulgar but discredited practice. However, let it be agreed that whatever thoughts I had, lay between my retina and the end of my optic nerve. Theory is easier than science. Suddenly, as I watched

idly, a little figure—a tiny insect-like figure crawled in at the left of my eye, and slowly traversing a small segment of the luminous disc upon the ceiling crawled out at the right. In my astonishment my lids blinked rapidly, my eyes moved of their own volition in an odd, perplexing manner. Please to mark that it was precisely at that moment when I discovered that my eyes had tricked me. Perhaps they had revolted from the uncommon and disagreeable fixity of sleeplessness and had revolved upon their axes inward. Perhaps I do not know the reason. Whatever it may have been, I know now that I had been looking under the bows of my eyebones into my skull. In all likelihood the grey circle of light which I had seen was the natural stored light of my eyes glowing in the darkness. If this was so, I had mistaken the personal, perhaps imaginary, light of my eye for the actual light of the gas-globe. It's not science, but it's common sense. Such, I say, were my conclusions some time subsequently, after many nights' experience. Try as I pleased in my wakefulness, the creature would not walk again upon the ceiling, for the very excellent reason that in my excitement and ignorance *I was looking in exactly the opposite direction*. But invisible, unfelt, undreamed, there it was, there it had always been, and there it will be until—Heaven knows.' My uncle patted his brow, eyes, and cheeks with his bandana handkerchief, and (in a manner not unlike that of the black cat) gazed up at the patches of blue between the green boughs. 'The boom of that bee seemed to make the scent of the blossoms stronger, didn't it?' said he, with his handkerchief poised on the top of his head.

'What happened then?' said I.

'Upon the next night,' continued my uncle, 'as I purposely lay in the same position, I fancy that I almost fell asleep. So it seemed, although all the time I could hear your aunt snoring—'twas time reckoned by a dream-clock. There was the circle of light; there was the gas-globe, the Venetian blind, the embroidered watch-holder. But almost imperceptibly the light circle was becoming blurred at the circumference; it still possessed the same shiver, but now there were faint marks upon it, permanent stains in its whitest places; it was not without shadows. I gripped the bed-clothes and strangled my thoughts. And again, again, Edmond, the tiny figure walked out of the east into the west. I watched. The dim shapes in the centre moved and trembled, but took no nameable form. Again I saw the transit of the

figure, but now it toiled more slowly. Soon the circumference seemed to widen. The figure took bulk and distinction. At the base of the disc a flatness became discernible encompassed by a huge bow of grey (my skull, perhaps) lightening and deepening into white and pink. A white thread suddenly crept out of the obscurity at the base, crept and wriggled between masses of black (masses like flour seen through a microscope). Presently the black masses caught colour and motion. Sudden glaring spots pricked my eye, and slow-moving blotches writhed into being with a dull pain as though my eyeballs were bringing them forth. Then I perceived slender lines and tassels of elegant grace and wide expanses of smooth, restful green, lit by jewels and trills and spears of yellow light. I seemed to be striving rather to remember than to see. If I am not deceived, albeit my eyes watched the process with curiosity, yet I clearly foresaw the result. The dimness and distortion fell away like smoke. And now, I was looking at a white caked trampled path, over which a black-green army of trees stood sentinel. I was round-eyed at gorgeous birds on the wing, and flowers waxen, gaudy and gleaming. My boy, there are none such here. There huge monsters wallowed in heat, and unimaginable wee things leapt and scrambled and minced from bough to bough. The whole air shook with their chirrup and purr and drone; the baked earth sweated a dry scent. Monstrous bat-winged insects speckled profusely the black boughs. Honey scent whetted the tongue and the tartness of resinous bark cried out from beneath the honey-scent. Deep in the lazy fetid green of the underwood sparkled quick eyes, and smooth, glossy skins shimmered. There was an atmosphere of ages over the place, and a distressing suggestion that all upon which my eyes looked was of me and in me—my own creatures and creations. But this I know, that myself magnified the scene. The heavy sky, the trees, and all the living things, were a picture painted on a pin's head. God knows more than a German philosopher. So, too, my dear boy, as in a dream of Job, a figure naked and familiar (although his face was turned from me) stalked upon the trampled path. And that figure of a man brought me very near to the terror of my babyhood's dream. I turned to your aunt for comfort, and could not see her. Nor did I awake. Then the awful thought clawed me that I was live and wake, and with that thought the vision was blinded (so sudden was its going). Then followed a slow easy movement of my eyes,

and immediately I was looking upon your aunt's face, bland and young in sleep. I hid my face in her sweet laces, and like any dipsomaniac sobbed loudly. "Why, John," said your aunt sleepily, "you've had a bad dream!" Again my uncle paused. 'This wholesome cleanliness of air is admirable,' he added under his breath, sniffing the evening.

I looked at my uncle uneasily. 'More of a nightmare than a dream,' said I.

'It's getting chilly for your aunt,' he replied. Then, after spying through the trunks upon the old lady, he came close to me, and, on tiptoe, whispered this in my ear: 'In eight months that wee creature has walked through centuries. Would dreams be so vile and consistent? Would I, the manager of a bank, cry like any girl at night if every living thing, every tree, rock, and cloud of the world in my skull were not of mine own image? That mote of a man—although he will never turn and show his face to me, try as I may to peer round—that mote of a man is me—me, your uncle. Quick, she's stirring.'

I hastened at his heels to my chair. My aunt woke from her nap, a little peevish. She complained of the dampness. But my uncle, giving her tongue no opportunity to wag nor her mood to fester, taught me how to snare a woman into smiling. Quick to profit, he wrapped a knitted shawl of gaudy wool about my aunt's shoulders, lifted her from the ground with a prodigious puff and a coy scream from the little lady, and trotted away with her into the house. I followed with two basket chairs.

Of course I entitled my uncle's fable 'Nerves.' Eccentric would be far too polite a word with which to tell the truth if I were so minded. But as I was brushing my hair I came to the conclusion that it would be undesirable to betray my uncle's confidence to any, least of all to a physician. If his nerves were the progenitors of his visions, a dose or two of valerian might timely teach them their duty. If he was mad, no finical physician could better his condition, and a strait waistcoat would probably kill my aunt. Thus it will be seen that I laughed. Like Sarah, I was afterwards reproved. It surprised me how that in the past odd trifling actions and movements of my uncle must have escaped my attention. For instance, during dinner, as he was poisoning a wineglass and testing the colour of his claret in the light of the lamp, he shut his eyes quick, and laid down the glass in confusion. When offering my aunt some tapioca pudding, his smiling pupils sud-

denly disappeared; he dived under the table, presumably for his napkin. Not only; but also now and again he would mutter a few words, or swear perhaps, or twist his fingers, thereby greatly discomposing a timid, colourless parlourmaid. Such accidents, or their like, must have frequently happened before. To all these drolleries, however, my aunt paid no attention, but nibbled serenely and smiled placidly. When dinner was over, my uncle and I took a turn in the garden. We chatted in a desultory fashion, but it was apparent that only my uncle's tongue was with me; his thoughts were busy with his dreams. At last he began anxiously to question me regarding his behaviour at dinner. I told the truth.

'My dear boy,' he answered bitterly, 'I have tried to look on the tragedy as a farce, but it is useless. I am getting into clamour bog each step I take. My eyes refuse to obey me. I want above all things to spend my life watching. The climax is speeding to a conclusion. I have spied upon the gambols of my hairy ancestry—perhaps Darwin! . . . —and each godless ape was in mine own image. Each transmigration of my eternal—think on't, my boy—eternal self has passed before my eyes, is now. This brood of creatures, of which I am the god and maker, are multiplying like worms in offal; cities teem with ugly and deformed, with lame and vile. Every thought of the past takes human shape. Here one incites to lewdness, here one taints the air with foulness. Here a white-clad, meagre creature struggles and pants for the light. And ever goes that one mite of a man, stalking unheeding and alone under sun and moon. Through sleep and waking, its horrid minuteness, its awful remoteness, troubles my skin; I grow sick. I remember Farquharson, the cashier, took hysteria. (Too much life, my boy.) We twitted him and embroidered him a sun-bonnet. A sun-bonnet! See this!'

My uncle stopped dead upon the gravel with his face towards the garden. I seemed to *feel* the slow revolution of his eyes.

'I see a huge city of granite,' he grunted; 'I see lean spires of metal and hazardous towers, frowning upon the blackness of their shadows. White lights stare out of narrow window-slits: a black cloud breathes smoke in the streets. There is no wind, yet a wind sits still upon the city. The air smells like copper. Every sound rings as it were upon metal. There is a glow—a glow of outer darkness—a glow imagined by straining eyes. The city is a bubble with clamour and tumult rising thin and yellow in the lean streets like dust in a loampit. The city is walled as with a

finger-ring. The sky is dumb with listeners. Far down, as the crow sees ears of wheat, I see that mote of a man in his black clothes, now lit by flaming jets, now hid in thick darkness. Every street breeds creatures. They swarm gabbling, and walk like ants in the sun. Their faces are fierce and wary, with malevolent lips. Each mouths to each, and points and stares. On I walk, imperturbable and stark. But I know, oh, my boy, I know the alphabet of their vile whisperings and gapings and gesticulations. The air quivers with the flight of black winged shapes. Each foot-tap of that sure figure upon the granite is ticking his hour away.' My uncle turned and took my hand. 'And this, Edmond, this is the man of business who purchased his game in the City, and vied with all in the excellence of his claret. The man who courted your aunt, begot hale and whole children, who sits in his pew and is respected. That beneath my skull should lurk such monstrous things! You are my godchild, Edmond. Actions are mere sediment, and words—froth, froth. Let the thoughts be clean, my boy; the thoughts must be clean; thoughts make the man. You may never at any time be of ill repute, and yet be a blackguard. Every thought, black or white, lives for ever, and to life there is no end.'

'Look here, uncle,' said I, 'it's serious, you know, you must come to town and see Jenkinson, the brain man. A change of air, sir.' 'Do you smell sulphur?' said my uncle. I tittered and was alarmed.

Subsequently I looked up my uncle's man, and had an earnest chat with him, telling him nothing save that my uncle was indisposed and needed attention. Moreover, I did my best to prevail upon my uncle to sleep by himself for a few nights. I thought it safer. But (poor old gentleman!) he seemed to have an unrighteous horror of loneliness. 'Only to be able,' said he, 'only to be able to touch her hand.' 'No sceptic doctors, my boy, let me die wholesomely,' he replied to my earnest entreaties that he should see a physician. I determined to obey him. The next day he seemed to have recovered his usual excellent spirits, and although he sometimes fell away into vacancy, his condition in the light of my experience was undoubtedly different from that of many months past. 'I have an idea that I gossipped a good deal of nonsense in the garden yesterday,' said he, buttonholing me after breakfast. 'The sun was hot, very hot. Between ourselves?—that's all right. I had a better night; no—

nightmares. Eh! E—ay?’ In a flash he hid his eyes with his sleeve. ‘Er—bless the midges! Come into the garden, my boy,’ said he, and forthwith denied his denial.

On Wednesday afternoons when my aunt was upon her parish-visiting, and also at any time that we might snatch, my uncle and I would steal away into the woods or conceal ourselves in a crazy, musty summer-house near the gooseberry bushes. There we would sit for hours together while he narrated to me the doings and adventures of the fantastic creatures which he professed to see. I acted foolishly, perhaps, in consenting to his absurdities, but who would have done otherwise? The charm of his narrations was irresistible. To listen to him as he sat there, with his white eyes, his ragged straw hat upon his head, in the midst of the summer, was fine. Sometimes he would return to the experiences of past dreams; sometimes he would look in upon his world, and tell me what he saw there. Whatever he affected to see, moreover, he made me see too. For even, perhaps, gave he not every detail, yet myself by his seeds could raise my own crop of visions of an exact likeness to his. This, too, he was ever at pains to insist upon—that the many beings, the uncouth cities, all that which he had described to me possessed an atmosphere of himself, an intellectual colouring peculiarly his own. He was the unwitting creator, but responsible for his creations. How mad a theory it seems! This, too. ‘I see that the end is coming; he treads solitary paths. O that he would flee, and seek for hiding! And the scattered thousands come round about him; they sneak upon his footsteps; they net him in on every side. He passes through villages (which I think I have seen in dreams). The people mock in the streets, and the dogs bark. He journeys through cities that are familiar and yet unknown to me. Danger hides under every leaf. There is a clangour in the air of terror and disaster.’ My uncle would carry me away with his enthusiasm, and I would grow with him as eager as a boy, and though it was easy to see that his sickness was serious and that the consequences might be dire, yet with the gentleness of a mother and the intuition of a child he kissed away my aunt’s occasional anxieties. He kept to the end the mellow roundness of his cheeks, the vigour of his voice; he neither advertised his pain nor trumpeted his woes. He consistently reviled the doctors. If his perpetual hilarity was sometimes maudlin, he never turned tail nor lacked a pun to the end.

On July 15 my aunt came by herself into the breakfast-room, and immediately rustled to me who was sitting in the

window-seat, basking in the sun. The sunlight seemed to caress her frailty, to cling to her old laces, her muslins and her trinkets. 'I am afraid, dear Edmond, your uncle is not quite the thing to-day,' she said affably. 'He seems a little feverish, I think. He tossed in the night, and this morning he was so impatient with his clothes. He alarmed me, dear.' Just then my uncle walked into the room. He walked in jerks, and collided brutally with the table. When the sunlight fell upon him I noticed a sullen bruise upon his forehead. His arms swung in time to his legs, his left to his left, his right to his right. He lurched directly towards me. I dodged deftly. He sat down upon the corner of the settee, in the place which I had vacated. A fly was buzzing upon the hot window-pane. My aunt stood at my side with her left hand over her mouth. My uncle's head was wagging slowly to and fro. The sun blazed upon his face and scanty hair.

'Like a sunbeam,' said he. 'Like a sunbeam in winter swift and keen. That stone thudded. Another beacon! The city is bloody with flames. No moon to-night. Run, run, run! He'll be met by those mouldy faces. A twist. By the throat!' My uncle's hand clenched upon the blind-cord and relaxed.

'Edmond, Edmond,' chirruped my aunt. The Venetian blind crashed down upon my uncle's skull. He hauled it up without a word, turning fleeting, red, flaming eyes upon us. My aunt knelt down at his feet and set to slapping his hands. I broke the bell-cord, and dashed cold milk into his face, for there was no water.

'The thunder is breaking. The heavens belch their fires; see—like a worm, like a wasp. He'll escape them; he must, he must. Oh God! in their thousands they leap, they skurry, and flee like dead leaves in my garden. Savage and crazy, and implacable as ice. Ah! the granite griffin! He is under, he is under. See the hag, the lewd hag. The air is pitch and bespattered. The wind shivers. Now growls the thunder, their feet are oats rustling. Oh me! Twist, double, under!'

The maid entered, carrying a dish of kidneys. She stood in the doorway looking at my uncle. My aunt continued to slap his hands and to call plaintively, 'John, John!'

'Lo!' he screamed with gaping mouth. 'He is caught, he is trampled upon and wounded. I am caught. Oh! where are the white men with kindly white faces? Are there no white men? None? The granite towers wriggle in their seats. My boy Edmond, my boy, he has turned his face—poor white dead face.'

He is hand in hand with death . . . he is away, he climbs. They are many as swarming bees. See, hurrah! hurrah! (His cheer was thin as the song of a wire in the wind.) The white men! My boy, very few. Every thought lives for——. We are careless, we are careless. Clutch tight to thy seat, wan mote of a man. Do not heed their savagery. Kiss the cold stone, mote of a man, look to heaven through the lightning-rents. Lucy, your hand, your kind hand. All is ungodly tiny.'

The maid went away.

'Now they fight—in their thousands they gather. Their growl frightens the night. Wan and lurid, mouldy and green and lascivious. He crouches and shakes and sweats on his perch. The smell of blood is sharp to the tongue. The white men fall. They are trampled down. The sky is shaken. The swift tongues of flame are black, for the sky is open—opens wide. It is the light of day. I heard the sound of many——. It is just. Oh, mote of a man!' My uncle's tongue clucked in his throat. He grew silent. His whole body shook spasmodically. The fly buzzed in the sun and danced. Presently my uncle rose to his feet. With neck outstretched (as though led by a halter) he walked across the room. Out by the glass doors into the conservatory he went. The hot heavy scent of his housed flowers rallied behind him and fought with the smell of the kidneys. On my uncle walked between the red pots, and out into the garden where the birds made clamour in the dappled leaves and the earth was alive with insects. He stepped down gingerly upon the gravel and immediately set to running, and as he ran he cried out and flung his arms into the air. The door-frame shut him from me. My aunt and I followed quickly after him. My aunt came first into the garden. When I skipped into the sunlight I saw him again. He was running amuck in the orchard, maddened by blows from the tree trunks and the low-hanging swaying boughs. He frisked hither and thither, to and fro. My aunt hung upon my arm, and with a wee scream greeted every dull blow. I heard the maids sobbing in the kitchen. There was no cloud to hide the sun. Wounded and battered and panting, all sudden in the midst of a blind rush he stopped still and stark. He clasped his hands about his neck. Then with child-steps he laboured patiently towards us. Without doubt or fear he walked over grass and flower-beds until he came to my aunt. He sat down on the low garden seat, saying 'Lucy, Lucy.' Then he was silent.

WALTER RAMAL.

SIR HENRY PARKES.

A PERSONAL SKETCH.

ALTHOUGH, as the eulogists of the late Sir Henry Parkes declare, he was honourably distinguished among politicians for his lifelong interest in literary concerns, and his genuine, if at times deplorably misdirected, zeal for works of art, it is not easy to write of this remarkable man apart from his career in the Australian Legislature.

With Parkes, Literature was a mere pastime, and Art an occasional hobby; politics was the real passion as well as the actual business of his life. At the melancholy close of his career he is said to have remarked that he would rather leave behind 'the reputation of a third-rate poet than that of a first-rate politician.' But this must be taken as the pathetic paradox of a failing octogenarian, who, in his prime, was nothing if not a man of affairs. To Sir Henry Parkes, as to all men of his type, Power was the end and aim of all strenuous human endeavour.

Born a Warwickshire peasant, at the village of Stoneleigh, in the year of Waterloo, Parkes began the struggle of life with the scanty education (if education it can be called) of the place and period. Whatever this schooling may have been, it ended in his eleventh year. Breaking away from 'Hodgedom,' he, as a mere youth, migrated to the Midland capital, and became in time a turner in ivory in the city of Birmingham. Here doubtless his real 'education' began, at the lathe, among his mates in the workshop, and above all in the crowded popular assemblages of that time of stirring political agitation, when Reform and the 'six points' made Chartism loom a mighty and dreaded thing even in the eyes of the conqueror of Napoleon.

Parkes, I believe, despite all assertions to the contrary, was never a Chartist. But he was an ardent supporter of Lord Grey's great Reform measure, and his sympathies in all matters were with the 'dumb millions' to whom by birth he belonged. He was always reticent as to his early life, and it is not possible to speak too positively on the subject. In his interesting though much too prolix Autobiography entitled 'Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History,' he, to use his own words, leaves

the first thirty years after his birth 'almost a blank.' He married a young woman of his own class in Birmingham, and finding no scope for his talents, or prospect for his family, in England, in his twenty-fourth year emigrated to Sydney, where he arrived with his wife and child, without a friend to greet him or even a letter of introduction in his pocket. He has himself drawn a restrained but pathetic sketch of his early trials and struggles as an obscure and unknown colonist. He tells us how he wearily tramped Sydney, but could find no work, until in sheer desperation he was forced to engage himself as a farm labourer 'up country' at 30*l.* a year, thus reverting to the lowly station he had so painfully emerged from in England. After some six months of this, he returned to Sydney and obtained employment at an ironmonger's, then in a foundry, and afterwards for a while as a petty officer in the Customs. Sir Saul Samuel, the veteran Agent-General for New South Wales in London, and in former years a trusted colleague in more than one of Sir Henry Parkes's cabinets, recalls how as a very young man he first met Parkes discharging his duties on the Sydney wharf. But Parkes was not the man to remain long in a dependent post; a letter appeared in one of the newspapers exposing some alleged malpractices in the Customs, and this letter being traced to the cadaverous young tide-waiter, he was promptly suspended. Resigning his small appointment, Parkes opened a toy-shop in Hunter Street, Sydney, and worked at his craft as a turner when the shutters were up. He seems, indeed, to have been a skilful turner in ivory, to judge by an excellent set of chessmen which he presented to his old friend, Sir Saul Samuel, who still treasures them among his valued possessions.

Parkes was now once more in a big city, and at the centre of things; also he was again in the very midst of fierce political agitations. The colony, just emerging from its primitive penal condition, and partially released from Imperial bureaucratic rule, was the very place to arouse the latent political energy of the young Birmingham democrat.

At this time, too, the late Lord Sherbrooke, then Mr. Robert Lowe, was making a great stir throughout New South Wales and Port Phillip by his crusade against the squatters. There could never have been much in common between Robert Lowe and Henry Parkes; but at this crisis the aspiring toy-seller of Hunter Street knew not how to restrain his admiration for the semi-blind

English lawyer who was fighting almost single-handed the Governor of the colony, the old Imperial officials, and the squatter party led by Wentworth.

Robert Lowe, who was regarded as the leader of the Liberal Opposition, was standing for a remote 'up-country' constituency; but a committee was hastily formed to secure his nomination and return for Sydney, and despite the fact that Lowe formally withheld his consent, they secured his return without personal canvass on his part or the expenditure of a shilling of his money, and in the teeth of an apparently all-powerful combination.

Lord Sherbrooke in later years was fond of recalling this, the first real electoral contest in Australia, and he always spoke of his unexpected and unsolicited return for Sydney as one of the greatest personal triumphs of his political career. But I am inclined to think that he, neither at the time nor afterwards, ever quite realised what an important part the late Sir Henry Parkes had played in this Sydney election. However, Parkes, who was not the man to hide his light under a bushel, was himself fully aware of the fact and always remembered it. Writing more than forty years after the election, he declares: 'I took a very active part in the return of Mr. Lowe; the address to the electors was written by me; and I attended all the meetings as the organising secretary. At one meeting I attempted to speak; it was my first attempt, and it was, I think, a sorry failure.'

These two remarkable men met once again, at least, on the public platform (or rather on the top of a disused omnibus) at the Circular Quay, to denounce the landing of the convicts then on board the *Hashemy*, lying in view in Sydney Harbour. By this time, Henry Parkes had learnt the use of that terrific political weapon, the tongue; and, speaking as a working man, he delivered one of the harangues of the hour in strong and bitter denunciation of Lord Grey's ill-considered policy of reviving criminal transportation.

From this time forth, the petty business of the toy-shop and the turning-lathe in Hunter Street was doubtless more and more neglected for the coming labours and more dazzling rewards of the great Talking Shop in Macquarie Street. Parkes in a few years himself became member for Sydney, sat for various constituencies for something like forty years, and was actually no less than five times Prime Minister of New South Wales.

Into all this part of his career—his real life-work—I do not

now propose to enter. But apart from his great and manifold achievements in the arena of politics, Sir Henry Parkes was an attractive, if somewhat enigmatical, personality. His career from Warwickshire peasant and mechanic to Australian statesman, and friend of Tennyson, Carlyle, and Gladstone, was in itself remarkable—though, if a Dr. Smiles were to set forth all the facts, he would at times find it difficult to draw the necessary moral for the guidance of youth. But this at least will be admitted: Parkes was a man marked out from the first as distinct from the common herd, and though the superior moralist may not always esteem or even condone his conduct, average humanity will continue to wonder at, and even admire, such a splendid specimen of human force and vitality.

The curious reader at the British Museum, if he turns to the two bound copies of the 'Atlas,' which Lady Sherbrooke has recently presented to that institution, will find in odd corners of this old Sydney newspaper little sets of sentimental verses signed 'H. Parkes.' These are among the first outpourings of Sir Henry's strange and wayward Muse; for the most part there is little to distinguish them from the ordinary contributions to the 'Poets' Corner' of any provincial newspaper. But Sir Henry Parkes, whose egotism was colossal, placed a very high value on everything which emanated from himself, and, as his remark about the 'third-rate poet' shows, he had a special weakness for his own rhymings. From time to time, he collected these verses and issued them in thin volumes as 'Stolen Moments' or 'Murmurs of the Stream.' This practice continued with him to the last, for he was quite an old man when, after a long tour through America and England, he, on his return to Australia, published 'The Beauteous Terrorist and Other Poems. By a Wanderer.' Only last year he published a volume of very mediocre sonnets. One of the earliest of colonial critics, Mr. G. B. Barton, in his 'Poets and Prose Writers of New South Wales,' after paying many high compliments to Parkes as a journalist and leader-writer, thus contemptuously dismisses his verse:—

'Mr. Parkes has certainly published two small volumes of poems, but they exhibit the feeling of a poet without an adequate power of expression. He has never been able to master even the trifling difficulties of rhyme, and his versification is consequently as rugged as if it belonged to the sixteenth century. We

read of great men amusing their leisure hours with carpenter's tools, and we never imagine that the results of their handiwork displayed much skill. Mr. Parkes has amused himself with iambs and anapaests instead of saws and chisels.'

If this is how the local critics regarded Sir Henry's poetical effusions, it is to be feared that colonial politicians and business men treated them with still greater contumely. Like Hotspur, these bustling persons scorn your 'metre ballad-monger' and despise nothing so much as 'mincing poetry.' Judged by his worst specimens, Sir Henry was not undeserving of this sorry treatment. His lines are frequently halting and commonplace; his pathos is bathos; he displays no sense of humour whatever, and one is often at a loss to conceive how a man of his wide, if unsystematic, reading and great vigour of mind could have had so little taste or critical judgment as to publish some of these verses.

In 'The Beauteous Terrorist'—strange outpourings for a statesman of threescore-and-ten—appear a number of amatory verses which a lovesick swain of seventeen might have indited to a milliner's apprentice. Thus he passionately exclaims to a certain 'Arabella G., of Sacramento:'

I love you, Sweet! because 'tis nice
To cherish thoughts we can't disclose,
Because the sunbeams melt the ice,
Because the bee will rob the rose,
Because the lark will seek the sky,
Because the water finds the well;
I know no better reason why
I love you, but I love you, Belle.

The old Greybeard, too, is as inconstant as the sea; for on another page we have some even more affectionate drivel to 'Minnie darling, far away'—and yet again to 'Inez,' with

Those honey'd lips, those passion'd eyes.

One can fancy Sir Edward Clarke or Sir Frank Lockwood dwelling on these love strains, and how they would provoke the hilarity of judge, jury, and spectators, in a breach of promise case.

When the 'Sydney Bulletin' cruelly reprinted them, and especially the last verse of 'Ragged Jane,' with illustrations—caricatures of the aged bard fondling his various sweethearts on his travels—the whole continent of Australia may be said to have

exploded with laughter. 'Ragged Jane' is funny enough without the pictures:

My ragged Jane is rough and brown,
 Her words are few and plainly spoken,
 She never wore a silken gown,
 For her no hearts were ever broken.
 But ragged Jane is true as steel,
 Her bosom heaves with pure affection;
 A woman like a Queen may feel,
 Whose wardrobe will not bear inspection.
 To feed the hungry Jane will give
 The biggest half of her own dinner
 And never ask the way they live,
 Nor draw the line 'twixt saint and sinner.
 She loves all dumb and helpless things,
 The little children cling about her:
 Poor neighbours tell their sufferings
 To Jane, and cannot do without her.
 I would not give my ragged Jane
 For all the peacock ladies going.
 She knows the way to banish pain—
 What she don't know is not worth knowing.

Little wonder, when it was industriously circulated in the colonial papers that Lord Tennyson had presented Sir Henry Parkes with his poems in exchange for the volume containing these lines, that some Sydney wag should have exclaimed, 'How characteristic of Parkes always to get the best of the deal!'

At rare intervals, however, he appears to be able to find not unfitting expression for the feeling that has seized him in a poetical mood. One little poem of his entitled 'Solitude' seems to express with no little force and truth the real inner feelings of a high-minded self-contained statesman—a kind of ideal Parkes—aiming, apart from all social cliques, at the general good. At all events these simple lines were greatly admired by Browning's old friend 'Waring'—Alfred Domett—the epic poet of the Maoris and one of the foremost of New Zealand's public men.

Parkes (no doubt at the time out of office) thus soliloquises:—

Oh, for some awakening cause,
 Where we face eternal laws,
 Where we dare not turn aside,
 Where the souls of men are tried—
 Something of the nobler strife
 Which consumes the dross of life,
 To unite to truer aim,
 To exalt to loftier fame!

Leave behind the bats and balls,
 Leave the racers in the stalls,
 Leave the cards for ever shuffled,
 Leave the yacht on seas unruffled,
 Leave the haunts of pampered ease,
 Leave your dull festivities !—
 Better far the savage glen,
 Fitter school for earnest men !

Apart from his own poetical efforts, Sir Henry Parkes to my knowledge had a very sincere admiration for the literature of his country, and, in an irregular and desultory way, he was what is known as a well-read man. When I was first brought into almost daily contact with him in London in 1884, he was out of office, and was to a great extent a gentleman at large. He established himself in quiet chambers in Duke Street, just out of Grosvenor square, and on my first visit to him I said, pointing to the fine corner house in the square, 'I see you have fixed your tabernacle next to Sir Samuel Wilson's mansion.' He did not appear to relish this allusion to the Australian magnate, who was then chiefly known in London as the tenant of Hughenden and the occupant of this superb town-house. 'You mean,' said Parkes gruffly, 'next to Sir Samuel's *news*.' Many were the conversations we had in these rooms on his favourite poets; and it struck me at the time that he had a peculiar affection for that now almost forgotten poet Leigh Hunt. One day, raising himself to his full height, he repeated with fine emphasis and elocution the poem, 'Abou ben Adhem and the Angel,' dwelling on the line,

Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.

As he resumed his seat he repeated it, and said, 'That line sums up my religious and ethical creed.' And with all Sir Henry's shortcomings, I am sure he spoke with absolute sincerity.

Through Thomas Woolner the sculptor, whom he had first met in Sydney many years before, Sir Henry Parkes became acquainted with Tennyson, and also I think with Browning. There is no doubt that both these illustrious poets conceived a real liking for Parkes, which to my mind says not a little in his favour. On an earlier visit to England, with the late Mr. Dalley, he had brought from Sir Charles Gavan Duffy a letter of introduction to Thomas Carlyle; and the grim old philosopher, as well as his keen-witted and sharp-tongued wife, evidently grew to appreciate their strange Australian admirer. The truth

is that, to literary persons, Parkes, when out of office, and on one of his wandering tours, was a very agreeable companion. He never, like the general run of politicians, bored one with parliamentary jargon and 'shop' talk; but he bent his mind rather to your pursuits and appeared to take the liveliest interest in the latest book of poems or the best literary article in the magazines. He had a perfect mania for collecting rare books and curious relics of men of letters; and though his poems, as I have said, display so little humour, his store of anecdote was by no means scanty and often very amusing. It frequently struck me in listening to the endless stories he used to relate with infinite gusto, of the impecuniosity of Ben Jonson and the financial straits of literary men from Fielding to Coleridge, that one reason for his admiration of them was that so many of these men of genius were, like himself, often driven to odd financial shifts. Although, as a successful colonial politician, he accepted titles and other distinctions, he was always opposed to the acceptance of such baubles by our great authors. Over the Tennyson peerage he shook his head gravely. 'Tennyson,' he said to me, 'was far too great a man to condescend to be a lord; he should have gone down to the grave, and to all posterity, as plain Alfred Tennyson.'

Two clever, though somewhat contradictory, critics of colonial men and manners seem to have been alike impressed by the surpassing ugliness of Parkes. Sir Charles Dilke in his 'Problems of Greater Britain,' observes, 'When Sir H. Parkes wrote in "The Strong Man,"

Like a rock that breasts the sea
Firm he stood, in front of foes.
To his friends a sheltering tree
That in changeless beauty grows,

he may have been thinking of himself; but in person he has been as little favoured by nature with good looks as Socrates or Darwin.'

When Froude returned from his memorable visit to Australia, he was fond of describing the appearance of Sir Henry Parkes waiting to receive him at Randwick Station, Sydney; and he would say, with a sly twinkle, 'But he is so ugly.' Finding that I did not altogether re-echo him, Froude asked, 'Don't you consider Parkes hideous?' I could only reply by saying that I should as soon think of describing some shaggy old lion as 'hideous.'

Of course, these things are matters of individual taste. I confess to be among those who regard the portrait of Darwin in the National Portrait Gallery as that of an essentially noble type of intellectual man, infinitely more pleasant to gaze upon than many a young Bond Street exquisite. With regard to Sir Henry Parkes's personal appearance, I well remember the effect it produced upon me when I saw him enter a crowded fashionable drawing-room in Grosvenor Square; afterwards I briefly recorded that impression in a book, entitled 'Australia and the Empire.'

'Standing well over six feet in height, with his large leonine head and huge shaggy locks now whitened by half a century of strenuous public life, Sir Henry Parkes presents a striking and commanding figure. Far from the fashion-plate type either in face or form, this Australian when seen in the most aristocratic of London drawing-rooms commands the glances of admiration; for his appearance is neither commonplace nor conventional, and in his manner there is no vestige of vulgarity.'

After the rather unkind allusion to poor Parkes's ill-looks, Sir Charles Dilke, in his profoundly interesting work, adds, with still greater pungency: 'His debts, his poetry are powerless to sink him.' I have dealt briefly, though perhaps not kindly, with Sir Henry Parkes's poetry; but his debts open up an altogether vaster subject of psychological inquiry and criticism.

It is surely a strange fact, that in a community where success means the making and accumulation of money, the foremost of its public men should have been all his life in debt. Parkes used to declare, in his airy, off-hand way in dealing with such matters, that all his financial troubles arose from his heroic but unsuccessful attempt to establish a great Liberal daily paper, 'The Empire,' in Sydney; a terrific task on which he was engaged for some seven years—from 1850 to 1857. But it would be much nearer the mark to say that this very attempt on the part of a man who knew nothing of practical journalism or printing, and who was without capital or wealthy supporters, pointed to an inherent absence of all commercial foresight, or even of any sense of the value of money.

An old ministerial colleague of Sir Henry's once told me a story of his former chief, which struck me as eminently characteristic. When Parkes was a working man in Sydney, he was going home one Saturday night with the poor sum of ten shillings

in his pocket for his wife's household expenses. But he chanced to see in a second-hand bookseller's window a book of William Cobbett's ticketed 10s., and at once entered the shop, bought the book, and returned home penniless. Not only did he commit this wild extravagance, but in after years he boasted of it! This was his way all through life. It is true that he had few of the vulgar vices and extravagances which make such a hole in many a man's pocket; he drank little or nothing; he never smoked or gambled; nay, he never even belonged to a club. He despised all social display, and avoided the expensive hospitalities which leading members of all communities feel compelled to incur. But if he saw a picture, an old engraving, a rare book, or a literary relic, he at once bought it whether he could afford to do so or not. His friend Woolner trembled when he found that Parkes had given him a number of public commissions for statuary for New South Wales, without a vote in Parliament or even the consent of the Cabinet. Sir Henry, at the same time, generously ordered and sat for a marble bust of himself, without having any means of paying for it.

Such a man must always be in financial difficulties. Parkes, too, apart from his salary (when in office), had, in the language of the police courts, 'no visible means of support.' He accordingly adopted the Falstaffian method of perpetual borrowing; but, like that immortal personage, found 'no remedy against this consumption of the purse.' Almost his last act was the sale by auction of his books, pictures, and autograph letters, 'for the benefit of his wife and family.'

Sir Henry Parkes certainly belonged to what Charles Lamb calls the 'great race of men'—*the borrowers*—in contradistinction to their puny victims who hoard and save. He even reduced his borrowings to a scientific system, and when in want of money applied to the first friend he met in the street for 30%. That was his pet figure, and many columns of a newspaper would be required to print a list of those friendly creditors.

An old Sydney vulgarian of large means once said to me: 'I haven't spoke to Parkes for years; he's behaved very shabby, and I never want to see him again. But if he suddenly popped round this corner before I could get across the street he'd draw 30% out of me, like a magnet.'

In some cases, of course, he was indebted to individuals for much larger sums; and the hostile newspapers, more than once,

printed lists of those wealthy persons to whom Parkes was under financial obligations, and who had been 'nominated' to seats in the Upper House.

Doubtless this perpetual borrowing was at first a disagreeable necessity to Parkes, but I think he grew to experience a kind of sportive and unholy pleasure in it. Certainly Sir Henry did the thing in the grand style, like Lamb's friend Ralph Bigod, who 'in his periegesis or triumphant progress throughout this island, hath laid a tythe part of the inhabitants under contribution.' I have, at times, thought that Parkes was quite deserving of a place by the side of that illustrious quartet whom Elia so admiringly calls 'the greatest borrowers of all ages—Alcibiades—Falstaff—Sir Richard Steele—our late incomparable Brinsley.' For, as I have said, he too did the thing in the grand style, regarding the lender as an inferior, whose lowly but honourable mission it was to supply his own pressing needs.

'Call that a *life-like* portrait of Parkes!' exclaimed one of these victims. 'Why, the fool of an artist has painted him with his hand in his breeches-pocket, when in reality it was always *in somebody else's*.'

Parkes, in truth, was a man who in his inmost heart despised the well-to-do successful middle-class citizen. He had none of the virtues or the vices of the *bourgeoisie*. He cared nothing for the good opinion of bankers and merchants, and little even for that of their wives. Such might wag their tongues against him as they pleased; little he minded so long as 'the people' were on his side and his own immediate personal necessities were satisfied. In his heart of hearts, Parkes, despite his Grand Cross and his high offices, was an utter democrat, full to the end of proletariat sentiment and prejudice against 'society' and the 'classes.' Sometimes I think he despoiled the well-to-do of their surplus cash, much as Robin Hood took from the rich to give to the poor—the poor in his case being represented collectively in his own person.

Perhaps his ill-assorted marriages tended to increase these anti-social peculiarities. His first wife was a humble Englishwoman, who never attempted to qualify herself for the position to which she was raised by her husband's talents. At her death, as Mr. Henniker Heaton writes in the 'Times,' Sir Henry Parkes married his mistress, to whom he was very devoted until her last hour. At the very close of life, only so recently as October

last, he married his young servant-girl. Such 'alliances' are, it will be confessed, not those of a man at all mindful of his social status. They, like his debts, did not, perhaps, affect him politically; the mass of the people voted for him on public or personal grounds, and cared little about such matters. But it should be remembered that the more democratic an Anglo-Saxon community is politically, the more exclusive it often becomes socially. Sir Henry Parkes after his second marriage would have felt easier in London than in Sydney, Melbourne, or New York.

Although he affected to despise the narrow little coteries which declined to receive Lady Parkes, Sir Henry, who was a very vain man, bitterly resented it as a personal slight.

A friend was sitting chatting idly with him in the Colonial Secretary's office when a very high and important Government official was announced—a man who was a 'somebody' in Sydney society. The friend at once rose to leave. 'Don't go,' drawled out Parkes, in that peculiar, high-pitched, quavering whine he affected; 'don't go. One of the pleasures of office is making fellows like that wait.'

Not an amiable trait by any means, but we should bear in mind all the circumstances before condemning him.

The end of Sir Henry Parkes's life was peculiarly pathetic. He had lost his unrivalled hold over the populace, and was regarded by many as a 'played-out' politician with somewhat mischievous and unworthy personal aims; while his pecuniary position became, with advancing years, more and more unbearable. Charles Lamb, writing so gaily of his 'great race' of Borrowers, omits to depict that sad fifth act of the play when such men have lost the force and vivacity of youth, and the power to confront their creditors and the world at large with the old hopeful buoyancy. Still, Sir Henry, if less able to cope with angry tradesmen and other duns, and no longer the unconquered gladiator of the political arena, was full of courage to the last. With the barest pittance, surrounded by a young family quite unprovided for, he yet, like his friend Robert Browning, proved himself 'ever a fighter' to the last. Responding to the toast of his health when, on his eightieth birthday, he was banqueted in Sydney, he concluded thus:—

'In the cause of constitutional government, I venture to say that men will acknowledge that I have laboured faithfully. With all my shortcomings, and all my errors of judgment, I have, I

believe, devoted myself honestly, and with all the ability that God has bestowed upon me, to trying to establish the principles of constitutional government in this country, and to raise the character of the free people over whom it has been erected. But I care to say little to-night. The poet Byron has said, "What is writ is writ." May I not say in my case, "What is done is done"? I cannot by any vanity of mine make it more, and my evil-wishers cannot make it less. Whatever has been done is on record, and I may say that I am penetrated with the conviction that it is sufficient to compel recognition when I am slumbering in the grave. Two truths are present in my mind every day of my life—that the path before me is short, and that it leads to certain and unbroken rest. I would not live my life over again, or a single hour of it, if I had the chance.'

In these resolute words, resolutely spoken, the 'old man eloquent' summed up his claims and took his last farewell. *Requiescat in pace.*

No mere personal sketch can do justice to Sir Henry Parkes. He was, first and foremost, a public man—in some respects a truly great one.

That a man with such drawbacks and deficiencies—lowly birth, poverty, lack of early education, lifelong improvidence, to which may be added untoward, if not unhappy, domestic relationships—should have played such a part for fifty years in public affairs can only be accounted for by the combination of great intellectual capacity with an inborn gift and genius for statesmanship.

A. PATCHETT MARTIN.

SPLENDIDE MENDAX.

'D'YE mind ould Nancy Lafferty?' said Maria to me, as we were talking over the changes of ten years in that remote Donegal parish. 'Nancy, the ould woman with the wee donkey and creels, that used to bring fish to the door to sell. Did ye see her in Ramelton then? It's a wonder ye knowed her, for she's quarely failed. Ould John Lafferty, that was her husband, was a fisherman some place down thonder by Dunfanaghy, and she used to take his fish round and sell them to all the quality as far as Letterkenny. But some time after yees all left the big house—I don't mind rightly when it was, but maybe it was seven or eight year ago—ould John died. The boys was all out in America, and she had just the one daughter with her—Mary Jane they called her. Well, when ould John died, they was greatly straitened, and Mary Jane she be to go into service. There was a lady at Creeslough that was willing to take her for nursemaid, but the boys wrote for her to come out to them to America, for she'd get grand wages. Nancy was for not letting her go, but Mary Jane she said she'd never be asy in a place like thon, and her own home only that wee piece off; so Nancy be to let her go. It's a quare journey thon for a girl to be taking her lones, but there's them that does it every day now; and Mary Jane knew she was going to the boys, and they was doing well.

'Nancy had the ass yet, and she used to gather dilsk¹ and mussels and cockles and the like of that, and you'd see her selling them every fairday. Well, one day she came up here, maybe a month after Mary Jane sailed, and she had a letter with her; for Nancy she could neither read nor write, but Mary Jane was a grand scholar; and Nancy was looking Johnny to answer the letter for her. She had always a great notion of Johnny since he was a wee boy, for them Ramelton fellows had no decency, and they would be stoning the donkey; but Johnny had always a good word for her, and many's the handful of dilsk she gave him. So Johnny read the letter out to her and me—the priest it was read it for her first, but she couldn't trouble him to be writing—and Mary Jane said she was there safe, and living with Pat till she'd get a place, and she'd surely get one soon. So nothing would do Nancy but

¹ A sweet-tasting kind of seaweed.

Johnny must sit down and write a letter to Mary Jane, for she was terrible taken up with thon girl.

‘ Well, that way she’d come onest a month, for Mary Jane she wrote regular on the first of every month, and very soon she had a place, and every month she’d be sending money from herself and the boys. Mick was doing no good and drinking all he got, and Pat he was no scholar and couldn’t write for himself, but he was quare and good to Mary Jane, and Nancy wanted for nothing. Well, you’d think she might have got some one near hand; but nobody but Johnny would do her, and every month she’d come all the way from Creeslough round by here—it would mostly be the day afore the fairday in Ramelton she’d come—and you’d laugh to hear the things she’d make Johnny write. Pat died about a year after Mary Jane went out, and she took on greatly about that; but her whole talk was of Mary Jane. One morning she came up the bit of lane, and when I saw her coming I was wondering what could be the matter with her, for she was laughing to herself like. “Och Maria,” says she, “sure Mary Jane’s going to be married; and she’s after sending me a picture of her and her man.” An’ a fine young man he was, with a grand collar on him. He was a tram driver in New York, Mary Jane said; and they were to be married the next month. Well, such a letter as Johnny had to write that day! And Mary Jane’s man was getting good wages, and they used to send four dollars regular every month, and Nancy was quarely pleased. One day she came up fair crying, for Mary Jane had a son, and it was: “Och Maria, if I could get a sight of the wean. Do you think now would I be too old to go out thonder?” Well, it wasn’t long after that that she came again; and she had a kind of look like a person that’s not right in the head. So I sent for Johnny, and she gave him the letter. “Read thon,” says she. There was the four dollars in it, in one of them orders, and it was as kind a letter as ever you heard, and all about the baby in it; but at the end she says, “You mustn’t be vexed if I can’t be always sending you the money regular now, for George thinks bad this good while now of parting so much money, and when I came to him for it this time he gave me all sorts; but Mary Cassidy lent it me for the onest, and I’ll maybe make it up every month unbeknownst to him.”

“Isn’t it a shame of him?” says I, thinking to pleasure her, for ould Nancy was sitting there by the fire, and never a word out of her.

'Well, Master Stephen, she turned on me as sharp as if I'd struck her. "It's no shame," says she, "but it's shame on you that says the like. Sure, what call has a man that has a wife and child to keep, to be sending money to a useless ould crathur that he never seen?" "Sure, why wouldn't he let his wife help her mother?" says I,— "isn't that nature?—for Pat's dead, and Mick's all one to you as if he were dead. It's Mary Jane that'll have the sore heart," says I; "and shouldn't a husband content his wife in reason?" "An' do you think," says she, "that I'm for makin' trouble betwixt Mary Jane and her husband? Now, Johnny," says she, turning round to him, "this is the last time I'll be troubling you."

'Well, Master Stephen, nothing would do her but Johnny must write to Mary Jane and tell her—what do you think now?—that ould Nancy was dead. Johnny and me we joined on her, and Johnny he said he wouldn't put his hand to the like of that. "Sure it would be a lie," says he, "and a black lie." "By the will of God it might be true soon enough," says she— "an' there was an awful look on the face of her—"an' if I can't be dead, sure I'd better be all as one as if I were dead than hurting Mary Jane. And, if you won't do it for me, and me after coming a day's journey from Creeslough, there's them that'll do it for money, if there's none'll do it for kindness."

'I was for stopping Johnny, but he told me afterwards that he was afeard some bad person might write and get the money sent to them, and neither Mary Jane nor Nancy be the better for their sorrow. For, Master Stephen, there's no telling the wickedness that's in the world. So Johnny he wrote the letter, and then says I to her, "How are you going to live now, anyway, without the money? You surely aren't going into the poor-house?"

"If I must," says she, "I must just thole; but isn't there the gleanings that God puts by the sea thonder for the ould cripples to gather for them that has better things to do?" And from that day to this she never crossed the door. Johnny he got a terrible letter from Mary Jane, for the poor thing was quarely vexed, and Johnny was crying over it for a day there. An' he took the letter with him, and he travelled the whole way to Creeslough to show it to Nancy. At the first she wouldn't listen to him, but at the last he made her; and she greeted quarely too, and then says she, "Sure that had to come to her soon or late, and now it's over and there'll be no ill will with her husband."

Ay, and you'll see," says she, "now the ould woman's gone, she'll be thinking long no more;" for in all her letters Mary Jane would be saying how it was a grand town she was in, but she would rather have yellow-meal brochans in Creeslough nor ham and wine in New York. Ay, Mary Jane was quare and fond of her mother too. But, mind you, Master Stephen, that's two year ago and more, and Nancy's living yet. She sold the ass, for she be to, and she'll hardly speak to a body now; and whiles Johnny goes up to her in the fair, but the most he ever says to her is just buying a couple of pennorth of dilsks. There's no one dares name Mary Jane to her; and she sits there, all dazed like, and the wee boys steal the dilsks off her stall, and half the time she never minds them. But an odd time she'll rise and scream and curse at them, that it would frighten you; and they say the doctor was talking about putting her in the asylum. But Johnny says the heart's dead in her this two years, and it's her grave would fit her better nor a madhouse.'

I saw Johnny that afternoon. 'Why didn't you write to some one else, and get word of Mary Jane, and give it her?' I asked him.

'To tell you the truth, Master Stephen, I was afraid,' he said. 'By what I judged of Mary Jane's man you couldn't tell how he'd turn out on her; and I was afraid to hear I had that lie on me for nothing, if Mary Jane wasn't happy for all Nancy did. And whatever I knew that I had to tell; for there's no man, knowing what I knew, could have gone to that old woman with a lie on his lips.'

STEPHEN GWYNN.

NOTE.—This story belongs really to Mr. Manning, a well-known Dublin journalist, who prefers telling stories to writing them. I heard it at secondhand from a friend, and after some months wrote my version. But in the meantime Mr. Edmund Downey had also heard the tale and told it in print. If any one likes to compare 'Silver Sand,' in Mr. Downey's book 'Pinches of Salt,' with my story, he will find a pretty illustration of the game they call Russian Scandal.—S. G.

FAGS AND FAGGING.

‘THANK you, Cut-over!’

That is all the measure of apology vouchsafed to the cricket fag, out-fielding to the nets, who has been hit—‘cut-over,’ as the schoolboy calls it—on the ankle-bone by a ball speeding from some other net than that of his own fag-master, on whom his eyes were fixed.

Being cut-over on the ankle-bone is not much fun, and one feels more inclined, for the moment, to rub the injured member than to run after the cricket-ball of Smith major which has done the damage. But, on the other hand, it is to be remembered that Smith major, or one of his bigger fags acting on his behalf, will not fail to kick one, hard, if one does not throw up the ball, and that right quickly. So even this service, adding insult, as it were, to injury, has to be performed with such alacrity as one can command; and the utmost indication of protest that can be permitted is a certain aspect of injured feeling, of which, beyond all doubt, Smith major will not take the slightest notice. If it were aggressive enough to attract his notice, it would not fail to attract, in return, the aggressive notice of the toe of his thick boot, and that is a form of attention to be particularly avoided. The little boy that throws in the ball has a sore heart as well as a sore ankle, for that little heart is seared by a sense of bitter injustice.

It is one of his earliest experiences of this sort, though it is very certain that it will not be by any means his last. The world did not go in this curious fashion in his nursery at home, nor in the schoolroom, where he fell for a while beneath the rule of his sister’s governess; and at his private school the treatment of the boys with ‘justice’ was one of his master’s most cherished aims. But here, in this mimic world, as it has been called, of public school life he finds injustice rampant, and himself constantly the victim because he is a new boy and a small boy. How soon he will cease to be a ‘new boy’ depends virtually not so much on the days or weeks (infinitely long at first) of his sojourn in the school, but on the good sense and adaptability at his command to fit himself into his strange and jostling surroundings. How soon he

will cease to be a 'small boy' for practical purposes depends less on his inches, either perpendicular or circumferential, than on the pluck and spirit with which he asserts himself in the ranks of his fellow boys. And when he has ceased to be 'new' and 'small' the most poignant stings of injustice will cease to find him their victim; it is possible even that he may soon reach such a height of success as to be a capable agent for their infliction.

This, we take it, is the most pregnant sense of that simile for the public school—a mimic world. It is because, in the battle of life, the man will need over and over again to prove himself capable of bearing and successfully defying the arrows of unjust treatment—because, in fine, he must prove himself to be neither 'small' nor 'new'—that it is useful for him to gain experience, while he is yet young, of those less dangerous arrows of injustice inflicted in the battles of the mimic world. Injustice is abroad alike in the greater world and in the less, and there is no doubt that we find the boy who is without the experience of the public school life less fitted than another who has had this training, with the shield of stubborn courage and indifference which saves him from the more fatal consequences of his wounds.

And, after all, this injustice is not the outcome of the fagging. It is inseparable from every collection and congregation of those whom Plato has designated the most savage of wild beasts—boys. Except possibly where the boy, as in French schools, is under the constant supervision, both in and out of school time, of a master or usher, injustice, born of a happy disregard and thoughtlessness of others' feelings, must prevail; and in schools conducted on this constant supervision system there is lost that element of experience which the rough and tumble life of an English public school supplies, and which is found so valuable when the boy goes out into the severer rough and tumble of the world. There is enough and, perhaps, to spare, of this rough and tumble even in those schools where the fagging system is in vogue, but it is not a consequence of that system. Rather it may be said that it is held, by that very system, in considerable check; the rough and tumble is not permitted to degenerate into bullying; the injustice is under a certain control. It is true that there is some injustice in the circumstance that the boy who is Jones major's fag should be called on, after being cut-over by the ball of Smith major, to throw it in; but then this office is required of him only because the ball, arrested by his ankle-bone, has stopped nearer him than any of

Smith's fags. The next ball driven by Smith may cut-over (let us hope it will) an out-fielder of Jones's net; then Jones's fag will be called on to throw it in, and Smith's fag will be saved the trouble. After all, the apparent injustice tends to reduce the labour of the world of fags rather than to increase it; and so it seems, in the end, to be not really so very unjust when viewed in its proper light.

Moreover, what injustice there is is not without its measure and limit—and here we chance at once on a particular in which the injustice is directly reduced under the fagging system. Robinson, our little friend of the cut-over ankle, is Smith's fag. Although, for the mutual convenience of Jones and Smith, he may be called on now and again to field one of the former's hits, this is not his mission in life. His primary business is to look after Smith's hits. And if Smith finds that Jones is ordering him about to field hits to all quarters of the field, to the obvious detriment of his service due to Smith, his proper master, it is quite certain that the latter will expostulate pretty loudly, will request Jones, with some force of language, to employ his own fags to do his fielding, and not to meddle unduly with the fags of himself, Smith. Thus, in his fag-master, Robinson has found at once a protector. The sweating system cannot hold him in its grip. He has in Smith, as it were, his feudal superior, to whom he owes certain services, and from whom, in return for those services, he will expect a certain protection from any services which any other big boy may be inclined to demand of him illegally: there is a measure to his servitude in so far as his service is due to one master only, and there is a further measure to it in so far as its scope is fixed with tolerable exactness. He may have to field out for Smith; but the hours of his fielding out are settled, and are not intolerably long. He may have to make Smith's toast for him at tea, and there may be other offices of the menial and errand-boy sort, into which it is not necessary to enter in detail; but such as they are they are strictly limited—if not by authority, at least by the moral force of custom. The fag-master is not an irresponsible autocrat.

For all that, however, much is of course left to his judgment and sense of fair dealing. If it were not so, the system would lose a great element of its virtue. For there is a virtue, according to our contention, not only in the condition of fag, but also in the condition of fag-master. This virtue does not consist merely in

the incidental fact that the system permits of certain menial acts being performed by the fag for the master, so that the latter may enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* and employ his leisure in worthy pursuits. This is but an incident in the matter. The primary virtue of the system, so far as the fag-master is concerned, is that it endows the latter with a certain authority, it gives him all the dignity of responsibility for the right exercise of that authority, it teaches him, in a word, how to rule.

But, before it is possible for a man, much more for a boy, to rule, it is a maxim as venerable as our copy-books, that he must first be taught to obey; and it is this invaluable lesson that our fag-system teaches, better perhaps than any other method of instruction inculcates it. There must be no nonsense about it, no evasion—the obedience must be complete and it must be instantaneous. The sanction is very near at hand, in the shape of the boot, the fist, or the wicket; there is no cumbersome process of court-martial or summons in the county court to compel it. It must follow on the command as the flash is followed by the thunder.

And surely there is no question of its value! There is a wonderful chapter in the writings of Doctor Carpenter, which ought to be far better known than it is, treating of the value in education of developing the faculty of obedience. Obedience is the keystone of moral character. If a man can obey perfectly, he is perfect man up to the limits of his physical and intellectual powers. And the moral character is by far the most important side of our complex nature, for it is on that side that we most constantly fail. Our sins are not sins of intellectual incapacity to see what is right, nor of physical incapacity to perform the right action, but they are sins of weak will and character, incapacitating us from putting forth the physical action to attain the intellectually approved end. Even in that hesitation which we refer to when we say, 'I don't know what I ought to do,' in nine cases out of ten our real meaning is that we know quite well what we ought to do, but do not know whether we shall be able to persuade our wavering wills to translate the knowledge into action. In other words, we doubt our power of obedience to the dictates of our reason. Our reason bids us do a certain thing, but we are insufficiently trained in habits of obedience; we follow the worse course even while we approve the better.

This is what obedience chiefly means—even the obedience which our little friend 'Cut-over' is learning at the cricket nets—

not only, nor even primarily, obedience to the dictates of some fag-master other than ourselves, but obedience to that divine fag-master, our reason, that is within ourselves. The power to obey is synonymous with the power to rule, for it implies the power to obey that which is best within ourselves; it implies self-control, and self-control is strength—that moral strength of character which impresses itself, as a quality to be obeyed, on those with whom we come in contact, and in virtue of which alone the strong man can rule worthily. Thus our friend 'Cut-over' may learn in time such virtues of self-control that he may be worthy to become even such a one as Smith major—having fags under his authority, and using that authority discreetly and with a due sense of responsibility.

And when he reaches the dignity of Smith major, he is learning valuable lessons in the habit of command. Going out into the world, and finding himself in a position of superiority over his subordinates in his profession or the tenants on his estate, he does not demean himself in any absurd fashion by reason of the novelty of the situation, nor abuse his power by excessive self-assertion. He has learned, as a schoolboy, the manners that 'makyth man,' and is ready to take his place as he never could have taken it had he not graduated in the first place as a 'fag' and finally as a master of fags.

It is said by the opponents of the 'fagging' system (and they are many) that it puts into the hands of the bigger boy a power which is liable to be abused. No doubt it is true that bigger boys do abuse their power over smaller boys, whether under the fagging system or outside it, but it is quite ridiculous to say that it is the fagging system that puts this power into their hands. They have it there already, in their hands, by virtue of having the bigger fist and biceps, whether they stand to the lesser boys in the relation of fag-master to fag or in no recognised relation of authority and obedience. It is impossible to evade the existence of the power. Even if your school were composed of boys only of one age, the ultimate physical differences would still be there; you cannot escape them. And since it is impossible to escape them, surely it is better to recognise them, and so to control them, putting limits to the fag-master's authority and to the scope of service of the fag, and giving the former a legitimate interest in the latter, so that the fag may look up to the master as to his feudal lord, for protection from illegal oppression.

The life of school bears more analogy to the feudal state of the middle centuries than to modern civilisation. Its elements are in a ferment of perpetual unrest, might is very apt to be right; your redress is by force of arms rather than by appeal to courts of law, and surely it is better, in such a state of things as this, that one's service should be recognised and due to one lord only, than that it should be unlimited, covering all the field of vassalage and at the bidding of any who might compel it by *force majeure*.

One thinks of fagging chiefly under the aspect it assumes on the cricket field, partly because it is under this aspect that it is most in evidence, and partly because it is on the cricket field that the fag performs the greater part of his service. The petty menial offices that he has to perform within doors, and the fetching and carrying of coats and so on to the football ground or to the boats, are comparatively not worth considering. No length of service is required of him anywhere except on the cricket field, and regarding this service from the point of view of his present health and his future value as a cricketer, there cannot be the smallest doubt that the service he is rendering himself in this out-fielding is at least as valuable as that he renders his master. He is learning to field smartly and to catch; his master, if he be one of the kinder sort, may reward him for making a good catch; and after a while it is not unlikely that he may come to develop some capacity as a bowler, in which case the nature of his servitude becomes much more interesting. His master will employ him to bowl at the net, and all the time may be giving him instruction, according to his lights, as to where and how he should pitch the ball. These are the most usual beginnings of our amateur bowlers. If the fag can succeed in bowling the master once or twice, immediately the former seems immensely raised in stature, until his head is almost on a level with that exalted plane on which the master stands. Through the *camaraderie* of games, these two, whom the rigid caste system of school life has naturally put so very far apart, are brought together, probably to their mutual advantage, and almost certainly to the advantage of the lesser boy. Then, when the master's practice hour is over, it is likely that he will call up his fags, one by one, and give them a dozen or two balls, coaching them, meanwhile, into his own masterly methods of wielding the bat; and these, again, are the beginnings of our best amateur batsmen.

Assuredly it is better for these little boys that they should be

running after the hits of Smith major on the cricket field, even at risk of an occasional cut-over from Jones, than that they should be loafing in the tuck shop, or getting into any of those manifold mischiefs that Satan finds for the employment of idle hands—better physically, morally, and from every conceivable point of view. Of course it is not the inevitable alternative that they should get into mischief; but it is an extremely probable one. Of course, too, if Smith did not have certain recognised fags portioned off to him for this service, it is more than likely that he would catch some docile small boys and compel them, by force of the strong arm, to field out for him. In this case we should see the unedifying spectacle of boys slinking away in order to escape conscription in the cricket-fagging army, while others, probably the least efficient, would be pounced on by the press-gang, not only once, but very likely every day in the week. But where the fagging is recognised, and certain fags are apportioned to certain masters, it is possible to regulate the conditions of this forced labour in such a way that it shall not press unduly hard on any unit, but that all shall take a fair share.

Those uncompromising opponents of the fagging system who condemn it as 'brutalising,' as tending to make 'bullies of the big boys and menials of the small,' and to create 'ill-will between the bigger and the less,' have surely not considered the testimony of the feelings which those who have stood to each other in the mutual relation of master and of fag carry with them into after life. How commonly we hear it said: 'Oh, I was his fag at Eton—an awfully good chap.'

It is very seldom that we hear the contrary sentiment expressed. But if the contentions of those worthy people who condemn the fagging system (probably out of vague conception of its meaning and its working) were at all to be justified, it should be almost impossible for fag to speak of fag-master, even after many years had passed, as an 'awfully good chap.' It would only be in the most exceptional cases that such a verdict could be passed. Whereas, in point of fact, this verdict is almost the universal one, and it is the contrary verdict that is in the highest degree exceptional. Certainly, if we are to judge the system by its fruits (and there are not many better ways of judging it), the sentiment which is the general outcome of the relation of fag to master is one of warm affection.

Incidentally, it may be noted that the fagging system is a

great help to the masters of the school, for it implies the institution of a class of monitors or prefects who feel themselves, by virtue of their position, in large measure responsible for the good conduct of the lower boys and the maintenance of authority. They have, indeed, means of their own of enforcing obedience to authority which are other than those that the schoolmaster is able to apply, and are in some instances better in kind and more efficacious. A boy, because he is a boy, and therefore of the hero-worshipping age, regards the captain of his school eleven as an infinitely greater man than his head master. He may fear the latter's power of inflicting punishment, but for his opinion he cares not the value of a straw. It is hard, no doubt, for schoolmasters to realise this—that they are so far set apart from boys, their points of view known, even by the boys, to be so widely different, that the boys do not concern themselves at all about the good or ill opinion of the average master. Exceptions there may be, in the case of certain men gifted with an exceptional power of sympathy, who may be able to make the boys feel that they can regard things from their standpoint; but these exceptions are most rare. It is not by virtue of his misfortune in being a schoolmaster that the latter is not able to make his opinion valued by the boys, but by virtue of his misfortune in being a man—in being grown up, in being something other than a boy. But the captain of the cricket eleven, although he is a great and wonderful boy, is still a boy; he is the very apotheosis of boyhood. His opinion, therefore, is of the most prodigious value, and so, in varying degree, is the opinion of all the big boys whom the little boy worships as his heroes. The force of this opinion would no doubt be operative even in the absence of the fagging system; but under this system that opinion will be much more useful for good purposes, for it is in the essence of that system to create a class having authority, recognising its responsibilities, and expressing an opinion that is worthy of respect. The more adequately we realise the hero-worshipping tendency of boyhood, the more essential must it appear that the heroes should deserve this worship. Of the bigger boys of our schools we have to create the educators of the smaller boys, and certainly we cannot expect more of the pupils than of the teachers. That the bigger boys should impress their opinions and their ways of thought upon the smaller is no less inevitable, under all circumstances, than that they should employ them to run their errands and fetch their

cricket-balls. These things will be done whether we have fags or whether we have that freedom from fagging which were better called anarchy; but whereas under the fagging system we have a recognised body to exercise this authority—a body qualified, by a sense of its responsibilities, to express a healthy opinion that shall carry just weight—in the absence of fagging we leave the small boy at the mercy of any bigger than himself (no matter what his position in the school); we remove from the bigger boys none of the power, whether actual or moral, we only take away from them the sense of responsibility for its proper use.

If only each morbidly sensitive parent could realise this fact for herself, that her beloved Tommy, when he goes to school, is at the mercy of the boy of bigger fist, no matter on what patent system invented by gods or men the school be conducted, then we should not hear quite so much of the bullying fostered by 'that horrid fagging.' Rather would the tender maternal heart take comfort in the reflection that Tommy, if he have indeed found a master whose cricket drives he has to retrieve, has also found a measure placed on the conditions of his inevitable servitude and a responsible authority to protect him from the too crushing oppression of the weightier fist.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

PAGES FROM A PRIVATE DIARY.

June 1st.—The pitiful accident, reported this morning, that befell the Russian crowd in the Khodinsky Plain waiting for their coronation mugs—between three or four thousand being crushed to death—impresses one with the vast size of modern nations. The description in Matthew Paris, which I have just been reading, of the crowd at the coronation of our Henry III. presents an almost ludicrous contrast. We are told that the citizens of London went out to meet the king in holiday attire, and vied with one another in trying the speed of their horses; and that the Constable of Chester attended the king and kept the people back *with a wand* when they pressed forward unduly.

2nd.—Came to visit Aunt Julia at Barchester. The ecclesiastical atmosphere of the Close is somewhat rarefied and hard to breathe; but for a few days I rather enjoy it. And the cathedral music is capital. The factions seem in a flourishing condition. The Dean has put down a Turkey carpet in the sanctuary, which the Archdeacon's party resent as an unspeakable outrage, considering what has been going on among the Christians in Anatolia and Crete. On the other hand, the Archdeacon's daughter has become engaged to a minor canon. Aunt Julia, who is a staunch supporter of the Dean, told me of the engagement with a light in her eye and deprecatory movement of the hands that meant, 'What could you expect?' I asked if she knew the gentleman. Her reply was, 'My dear, I have seen the young man going backwards and forwards to his duties.' She went on to say that of course she should call after the wedding, but it would make a great deal of awkwardness, as it was her custom to do no more than leave cards on the wives of the minor canons.¹ This phrase of 'leaving cards' always reminds me of a story, which may be in Joe Miller, but we tell it of a distinguished ecclesiastical neighbour. He had a new groom, fresh from one of the racing-stables, who was to accompany him one day in a long round of leave-taking calls, and was sent into the house before starting to get some cards. When they reached the

¹ Aunt Julia would evidently have agreed with the Dean, who used to mention the Minor Canons in his prayers with the addition—'or even these, O Lord, are Thy creatures.'—ED. *Cornhill*.

last house, the order came, 'Leave two cards here, James,' and the reply followed, 'I can't, my lord; there's only the ace of spades left.'

4th.—The papers are enthusiastic about the victory of Persimmon, or rather of the Prince of Wales, at the Derby. Nothing succeeds like success, and the Prince is popular, so that even we who for local reasons wished 'Tueful' (as we call him) to win, take our beating philosophically. But why should the Stock Exchange burst out into singing 'God bless the Prince of Wales'? Could it be that these gentlemen were interested in Turf reform, and foresaw in the Prince's good fortune, with a horse of his own breeding, a good time coming in which everything should be straight and aboveboard? It is not racing, however, so much as betting and the misery it leads to, that offends thoughtful people. Everybody has read 'Esther Waters,' with its scenes of sordid tragedy. If the Prince of Wales were to discountenance heavy betting, a great deal of good might be done. For betting, like drinking, though a natural taste, is much under the influence of fashion. The 'Paget Papers' contain a letter from the last Prince of Wales who won the Derby, in which he speaks of drunkenness in these engaging terms: 'The rest were bad enough, God knows, except myself, though my every glass was a Bumper to your health. I can safely swear I never flinched one, dear Arthur, and you well know I am not even upon indifferent occasions a *shirker*. Since that day the old girl has never ceased being tipsy twice a day,' &c.

We have moved away from those days, and not long ago one of the Royal princes spoke of drunkenness as 'the only enemy that England had to fear.' If the Prince of Wales would only say that now of gambling!

Lordës may finden other manner play
Honest enough to drive the day away,

said Chaucer, and he was brought up at court.

6th.—Old Juniper is dead. He called in the village carpenter last night to receive directions about his funeral and to make his will. The poor here are very cautious not to employ the gentry in these testamentary matters, as they fear the knowledge of their little savings might impede the flow of charity. Tom, who is precentor and wears a surplice in church like Sir Thomas More, whom he much respects, used to make a point of the choir being present at all funerals. But one spring an epidemic so increased the mortality that he got tired, and the sixth corpse was condemned to be buried plain. So now the vicar summons a few

boys from the school ; and certainly singing the Psalm very much lightens and seems to christianise the service. One has to see a country funeral to appreciate the real luxury of woe. The deceased may have been all that was disagreeable and degraded, and his death may be acknowledged on all hands to be a good riddance, but the decencies must be respected. The mourners walk behind the bier in a longer or shorter procession of pairs, a man to the right with a woman on his left arm, and a handkerchief in his free hand. The exact position of the handkerchief varies with the locality ; here it is pressed to the right cheek. In church they remain seated, leaning forward in an ecstasy of uncontrollable grief during the whole service ; then the procession is re-formed. This is Bacon's 'custom copulate and conjoined,' and a mighty power it is, and perhaps in a dim way it makes for righteousness. On the Sunday following the burial all the mourners that have not scattered to distant homes come to morning prayer, where they expect some pulpit reference and an appropriate hymn.

9th.—Sophia's birthday. It is desperate work finding presents in the country. However, at — I picked up a rather pretty piece of mosaic binding, which I have had filled with writing-paper to make an album. To begin the book I have penned a few verses which at the moment please me :

This dapple-burnished skin,—
 Sloughed from what long-dead snake,
 With what wise heart therein—
 Still fair, though faded, take
 And cherish for love's sake,
 Yet were it well should one,
 Remodelling as he may
 The antique skeleton,
 Within the old covering lay
 The articulate array.
 So haply pitying
 Our fond mechanic lore,
 The Genius of the Spring
 Might breathe, the heart once more
 Wake wiser than before.

I have long meditated keeping an album myself of another sort, a commonplace book, what Milton calls a 'topick-folio.' This is one of those resolutions that come with every first of January, and too often go with it ; though a very fat volume lying here on the table has its first few pages filled with the harvest of several new beginnings. Laziness has something to do with the irresolution ; the habit of reading in the Balfour position perhaps

more; more still the conviction at the moment that if a passage is very good there is small risk of forgetting it (a terrible delusion!); but most of all that paralysing sentence in Marcus Aurelius, 'No longer delude thyself; thou wilt never read thine own notes, nor the extracts from books which thou wast reserving for thy old age' (iii. 14).

10th.—The cuckoo to-day has a decided hiccough. Saw some young partridges as I drove in to —. The barber was more interesting than usual. He has received a commission from some distinguished person to count how many light and how many dark haired people he operates upon in a month. The theory, as he propounded it, was that the dark-haired people were clever, but weak, and the light-haired strong and foolish, and that having been for centuries oppressed by superior force, the aboriginal black-haired folks are now coming to the front again. He called them Hibernian (query Iberian). 'Shy-traffickers, the *dark* Iberians come.' Lunched at club. Talk turned on eccentric wills. Dr. — had a friend who picked up an old gentleman's hat in Piccadilly, and, before returning it, wiped off the dirt, which so delighted the old gentleman that he asked for the young man's card, and left him his fortune. The legatee was killed in the Soudan three months after. The moral seems to be, Have polite relations, and inherit the consequences of their virtue.

11th.—Went to P.'s wedding. Everything went happily, and everybody seemed contented. There was an extempore sermon, which began by dividing itself into three heads; and this a little frightened me, but the heads proved to be without tails. The service itself is one of the best in the Prayer-book, being short and to the purpose; but it would be better still for a few slight changes. For example, the officiating clergyman emphasised a distinction between the man's 'plighting' his troth and the woman's 'giving' hers, which is surely a distinction without a difference. Then what does 'With my body I thee worship' mean? And might not the wife's promise be brought a little more up to date? New women, new promises. In older days the woman had to promise to be 'bonnair and buxom in bed and at board.' We like them to be so still; but we 'hold it not honesty to have it thus set down.' Might not the 'obey' follow the 'buxom' into limbo? My wish for P. and his wife is that they may hit the mean, as in other things so in their conjugalities, between the extravagant complacency that Lamb ridicules and some people's

brusquerie. Of the latter I heard an amusing instance the other day. B said to his wife, 'Why are your dresses half an inch longer than any other woman's?' To which she replied, 'Because I am your wife. Otherwise the other women's dresses would be half an inch shorter than mine.' And a new sting has been introduced into connubial controversy by chatter about heredity. Two young friends of mine were overheard wrangling the other day as to which was to blame for their very much spoilt daughter's wilfulness. On second thoughts I am not sure that we have done altogether well to get rid of that old promise. The unsoured Milton found in it his youthful ideal:

Come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
So *buxom*, blithe, and *debonair*.

All moral novelists agree that conduct at board is nine-tenths of wedded life. Is it not Anthony Hope who says, 'Her eyes looked as if they would expect too much of me at breakfast'? and there is the same feeling, heightened to mania, in Q.'s 'You are too fat, Lydia.' Yes, 'to be buxom at board' is to be perfect, and of all boards none is so difficult as the breakfast-table. The old conventual practice of having a person to read some dull book or an office during the meal might be introduced with advantage into country houses where the post comes in late. But for the 'obedience'? No doubt all males must hold Milton's theory that obedience is their due, but the un-success of Milton's practice is strongly in favour of disguising the claim:

Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe;
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour:
So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not sway'd
By female usurpation, or dismay'd.
But had we best retire? I see a storm.

The same chorus in 'Samson' enumerates, not without surprise and chagrin, all the fine male qualities to which the other sex can be impenetrable, and gives up the puzzle of affinity as hopeless;

It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,

Ladies, I am told, find it no less puzzling to account for the fascination exercised by many of their own sex who are neither beautiful nor witty. Mrs. ——'s drawing-room is the rendezvous of all the bachelors and married men in the country-side, of whom I am the least. Why do we go there? Let me examine myself. I go because she makes me feel comfortable and contented; because she seems to say always the right thing, the thing I want said to me. She moves like a goddess in a magical atmosphere of sympathy. I go in bruised and battered and resentful, and feeling all my tale of years, and come out like Æson from Medea's tub, young and sleek and self-satisfied. I was there when Major Ursa himself, the biggest bear in the country, was lugged in by his wife against his will, all bristles, to pay some social debt, and saw him take leave in less than twenty minutes, purring like a pussy. And now he comes without Mrs. Ursa.

15th.—There has been thunder about all day, and this afternoon some twenty good flashes of lightning, but no rain. After dinner I was reading, over my cigar in the garden, Garnett's selection from Coventry Patmore, which seems to contain that poet's salvage. After enjoying my favourite poems I turned once more to the very spirited but to me incomprehensible piece called 'To the Unknown Eros,' and found it no more luminous than usual.

It is a Spirit though it seems red gold;
And such may no man, but by shunning, hold.
Refuse it, though refusal be despair;
And thou shalt feel the phantom in thy hair.

As I reached that line, though I was unconscious of any wilful act of refusal, red gold not being much proffered in these parts, I felt the phantom in my hair—just at the nape of the neck—and a very unpleasant sensation it was. When I recovered my presence of mind, the phantom proved to be a very big moth, which had settled there and was flapping its wings. I do not suppose this is altogether what Patmore meant, but it was an apt illustration. It is an *annus mirabilis* for *Lepidoptera*.

19th.—Went to town for several days. A flat not far from Victoria had been lent us, or I should not have gone so dangerously near to the Stores. But probably rooms nearer Piccadilly would have been still more dangerous. We have been reading aloud in the evenings lately Doughty's 'Arabia Deserta,' which is a powerful piece of writing, though mannered; and a passage in praise of precious stones has taken such hold of the feminine

mind that I have been afraid to act as escort in shopping thoroughfares. This is what D. says: 'The Oriental opinion of the wholesome operation of precious stones, in that they store the mind with admirable beauties, remains perhaps at this day a part of the marvellous estimation of inert gems amongst us. Those indestructible elect bodies, as stars, shining to us out of the dim mass of matter, are comfortable to our fluxuous feeble souls and bodies; in this sense all gems are cordial, and of an influence religious. These elemental flowering lights almost persuade us of a serene eternity, and are of things (for the inestimable purity) which separate us from the superfluous study of the world' (i. 315). Certainly pearls are very beautiful objects, and their wearers as certainly find them 'comfortable' and 'cordial;' and the two or three thousand pounds one has to pay for a necklace may be an exceedingly good investment into the bargain if it persuades us of a serene eternity. Conscience would be for once on the side of the expense. The lady at the Royal Academy whom Sargent has painted in her pearls does look to have a very tranquil soul, as though separated from the superfluous study of the world. What pearls they are, and what paint! But if I had the money to spend I should buy my immortality directly of Mr. Sargent rather than of Mr. Spink. How good the Chamberlain is too! People may grumble that there is not much revelation of character in the face, beyond keenness and will; but is there in the living face? And to make the eyes big and yearning, as Watts too often does, by way of 'divinely through all hindrance finding the man' behind them, is not to paint a portrait. I meant to spend an evening at the House of Commons, but the heat forbade both that and the theatre. I shall never forget the impression of Chamberlain's cleverness made upon me one night in Committee of the Home Rule Bill. He had charged Mr. Gladstone with some opinion which that gentleman indignantly repudiated. 'At any rate my right honourable friend the Chief Secretary used to hold that.' 'No, no,' said Morley, feeling safe in following suit and smiling at Chamberlain's apparent discomfiture. But it was a trap. The forefinger went into the waistcoat pocket, and an ominous slip of paper was drawn out. 'My right honourable friend has doubtless changed his opinion since . . . when he said——' Poor Mr. Morley's head disappeared between his shoulders.

20th.—Sunday. Went to — Church. Service Gregorian, preacher Gorian. At least he thought he was, but what he really

resembled was an earwig endeavouring to extricate himself from a filbert, and frantically waving his flippers. The matter was what that shrewd judge Mr. Pepys would have called 'unnecessary.' What a bore it must be to have foolish imitators! In the afternoon to St. Paul's, where the service is said to be the best in Europe; but ah, the reredos! How awful for three or four venerable clergymen to have the responsibility of decorating a cathedral! The days of bishop builders are gone by, and probably the professional architect has it all his own way, except for the occasional pressure of public opinion. I could not get near enough to the choir to judge of the new ceiling, but the general colour effect seemed good.

21st.—Stood for some time on the doorstep drawing in the electrical force of London, and feeling like a mouse in oxygen. It is only we country cousins who really enjoy London, just as it is only Londoners who really enjoy the country, and the enjoyment on both sides may be a good deal due to misunderstanding. A little chap from Seven Dials is said to have called a lark 'a bloomin' cock-sparrow in a fit,' and I may be doing even greater injustice to the passers-by when I fancy them pulsing with the high fever of existence. I am glad London has found singers of late. Some very genuine poets have not been kind to it; 'that tiresome, dull place,' says Gray; and Cowper is more impolite still; but then he was mad. In Kensington Gardens I met K. for the first time since our disagreement. He treated me very civilly, like a stranger, though we had been close friends for ten years. That is the worst of your idealist; all his friends are angels and all his opponents —; so that to cross him is to experience, in his estimation, the fall of Lucifer. He sadly lacks humour, or, what comes to the same thing, a sense of proportion. To console myself I walked round the Albert Memorial, and found Hiram and Bezaleel an excellent tonic. Tom met us in the afternoon at the Academy, and took us, as usual, to criticise the construction of the hayricks. He was much impressed by a picture called 'Whoa, steady!' wherein were represented two plough-horses, the one capering while the other stood impassive: he vowed he had never seen so steady a horse in his life and was determined to purchase it, if he could find out from the painter where it lived. I could not get him to admire Clausen's 'Crow-boy,' who was evidently, he thought, one of the present soft generation, spoilt by too long keeping at school, even if he had not got, as he

suspected, St. Vitus's dance; La Thangue's ducks, too, very much puzzled him. We dined at —'s, and talked about ghosts. L. gave us the only true and genuine account of the Glamis ghost, in whose room he had slept since its happy decease. I told the story of my grandfather and the headless horseman, and of the ghost who rolls my lawn every 29th February. F. had seen too many ghosts to believe in them. She told us how when the clock struck twelve a party consisting of an old gentleman and three girls used to appear nightly in her bedroom. Once she determined not to open her eyes, but a strange rustling all round the room roused her curiosity, and when she looked there were ears of corn mixed with poppies thrusting themselves from behind each picture frame. The old gentleman seemed much amused.

22nd.—To my dentist, who gave me the laughing-gas, and 'charmed ache with air;' dreamt that I was being dragged down through a sea of blood. Went to the club to write letters and lunch, and recover tone; then walked through the Park to make calls. How rare it is to find ladies in society who know what they think about anything! They hand on opinions like counters, all of which are of equal conversational value. If your ears are long enough you may hear the judgments you have just expressed, original as you may think them, being passed on to Mr. X. as the merest commonplace. One pleasure of an excursion to town is the sight of pretty dresses. In the country the dress of the upper class becomes plainer and plainer year by year as that of the classes below waxes in flamboyancy. Perhaps some ladies push the principle to an extreme. One of my neighbours while waiting for the train at — station, where she is not known, was accosted by a farmer and asked, 'How many did her master keep?' (i.e. how many servants); and the — photographer pronounces it impossible nowadays to obtain an artistic picture of any county lady, because their dresses fit so ill. Ladies whose husbands have made a fortune recently and buy a country 'cottage with a double coach-house,' should be clever enough to take the hint.

The grand jury have returned a true bill against Dr. Jameson and his companions. Popular opinion in England seems much less in their favour than when the first trial began with cheers in court. Even the 'Times' would hardly like now to print a panegyrical ode on the incursion. But the Johannesburg apologists in the reviews make such startling admissions, that without waiting for the trial one is almost tempted to quote Tacitus:

'Is habitus animarum fuit, ut pessimum facinus auderent pauci, plures vellent, omnes paterentur,' and to translate—'Such was the degradation of Anglo-African character, that a monstrous outrage was undertaken by a few, projected by many more, and tolerated by everybody.'

23rd.—Came down in the train with Archdeacon ——. One of Smith's newspaper boys amused me very much by pressing on him the sporting journals. He told me of a very sharp lad who once offered him the 'World,' and when he shook his head, explained 'Christmas Number, sir.' I have no doubt our Berkshire breed is very virtuous, and it is far from stupid, but one does sometimes wish for a little of the cockney smartness. It strikes me that 'paiper,' for 'paper,' which must have come to London from Essex, is less fashionable along the line than it used to be, and may quite go out, like the *v* for *w*, of which Dickens made so much. Driving home from the station in the dogcart I had an awkward spill. The horse was very fresh, and I suspect had not been properly exercised. A mosquito (for we have mosquitoes) stung him in the ear, and he reared a good deal and then bolted. In turning a corner we upset and were thrown on to a bank, William for his sins being underneath and I on the top of him. Luckily a broken shaft was the whole extent of the damage.

24th.—*Explicit* Education Bill, and no one will grieve much except the clergy, who in politics may be safely disregarded. It would be interesting to know the secret history of the withdrawal. Was it that the Education Department, having asked for devolution, drew in its horns before the fierce attitude of the teachers, led by Yoxall and Macnamara? Or was it that Sir John Gorst's skill had not been equal to his ambition, and so the scheme was really unworkable? Or was the bill faulty from lack of knowledge because the right people were not consulted—the inspectors by Sir John Gorst, Sir John himself by the Duke of Devonshire? There are secrets of the prison-house. Anyhow, the Government's loss in prestige is terrible. Harcourt, of course, was equal to the occasion; very amusing and sophistical, with much sarcasm about the bishops pushing on the bill 'by hook or crook.' Why not 'crozier and closure'? We sadly want a demagogue on the Unionist side, to cite Shakespeare for his purpose and make the worse cause appear the better. Bacon has an interesting passage in one of his essays on the qualities that bring success. 'There are a number of little and scarce-discerned

virtues, or rather faculties and customs, that make men fortunate. The Italians note some of them, such as a man would little think. When they speak of one that cannot do amiss, they will throw in into his other conditions that he hath *Poco di matto*; and certainly there be not two more fortunate properties than to have a little of the fool, and not too much of the honest; therefore, extreme lovers of their country were never fortunate.'

25th.—Sophia and Eugenia returned from Oxford, having gone thither from town for some Commemoration festivities. S. was much struck by the tameness of the undergraduates at the *Encenia*, and no less by their want of manners on being presented to the Vice-Chancellor for their own degrees. It is difficult to find an hypothesis to cover both phenomena, supposing Sophia not to be merely idealising the past, unless it be the excessive practice of football, which may do harm to the wit, and certainly tends to roughen manners.

26th.—Q. has reprinted some of his 'Speaker' *causeries*, and delightful table-talk they are. One can read them, too, now without the tail of one's eye being caught by some unsympathetic Radical effusion. Of course, the literary gentlemen of other journals, who know that their journalism will not bear reprinting, turn up noses and take credit for their moderation, which is all fair and proper. Q.'s criticism has the flavour of first principles that one associates with Oxford scholarship and philosophy. For the honour of Oxford I am glad to see a protest against Mr. Hardy's system of the universe, and also an additional paragraph on Davidson's 'Ballad of a Nun,' a poem that, with all my admiration for D., I have never been able to read a second time. Q. explains that the style on a first reading blinded him to the sense. In that misfortune he was not alone. On a certain Monday morning late in '94 a *queue* of respectable middle-aged ladies thrust its way along Vigo Street into the 'Bodley Head,' asking for copies of the 'Ballad of a Nun' by a Mr. Davidson. When the pressure was a little eased, the publisher ventured to inquire the cause of the sudden demand, as the Saturday papers had not contained any remarkable review. The answer was that the Archdeacon of W—— had charged them on their souls' health to procure it. Dear Archdeacon! He knew the story from the *Gesta Romanorum* or from Miss Procter's version, and too carelessly assumed that D. meant the same thing. The one of Q.'s papers I incline to regret is that upon Samuel Daniel, and for

an entirely selfish reason. Loving Daniel, I should be sorry if he were 'boomed.' My feeling about him is very much that excusable jealousy which made Q. himself refuse Gigadibs the explanation of a certain 'Troy' custom. (See the preface to 'The Delectable Duchy.')

27th.—Since my wife and daughter learned the bicycle I have found it a little difficult to join them in excursions; so I took the opportunity of their going on a visit to hire a machine. The broad path at the north end of the garden proved a capital practising ground, as it has a gentle slope. I learned to balance myself on the step, and then on the saddle, before attempting to tread. Then for some time my legs kept no pace with my desires, but I was not discouraged, and after a few days I ceased running into the flower-beds. I determined not to show myself in the road till I could travel safely down all the garden paths, and turn all the corners, so that when I went for a trial trip I found I had nothing to fear, though I felt a little shy at first in passing wagons. The roads are execrable. This year they should have been better than usual, as the District Council has taken them over, and the contractors have no inducement, as the farmers had, to delay mending them till too late for the flints to work in; so the metal was put on in good time, but the drought has made them thoroughly rotten again. Down in the vale they use granite instead of flints, and if the parsons and farmers who compose the council would only take to cycling, we should soon see flints discarded here also. We should see also the hedge-clippings swept up. What I especially dislike about bicycling is the second or hind-wheel jolt after one has kept one's temper over the first. What I especially enjoy is the exhilaration of running downhill. I find, too, that my ideas flow more easily when in rapid motion,—this may be a sign of decrepitude,—but if I descend to register them they are gone. Some scientific genius should invent a bicycle-phonograph into which one could talk.

To bicycle amongst country villages is a very good way in which to test their *ethos*. In some places the traveller is laughed at, or tripped up, or stoned, or the children spread tacks across the road; in others, perhaps only a mile or two distant, he is as safe from molestation as in a London suburb. I have noticed—and the experience is not palatable to my Radical friends, but it is this—that where the natives are barbarous it is a sign that there is no resident squire or no competent parson.

CLARISSA FURIOSA.¹

BY W. E. NORRIS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHETHER HIS MOTHER WOULD LET HIM OR NO.

THERE are many ways, easy and difficult, of acquiring popularity ; but perhaps the surest of all is to be constantly cheerful. Smiling faces, like sunshine, are always welcome in a world which, taking it altogether, is not too provocative of smiles, and it may have been Raoul de Malglaive's persistent gravity that had prevented him from being ever really liked by his brother officers. Their respectful admiration he had, indeed, earned by the success with which he was understood to have laid siege to the affections of innumerable ladies ; but as a comrade they found him rather a dull dog, and after he recovered from his illness and returned to duty he chose to dwell in a seclusion which they did not trouble themselves to invade. By his refusal to join in the '*rallie-papiers*' and other diversions organised by these light-hearted youths, and by his evident disinclination to mix with the society of Tours, he made for himself a few enemies ; but their enmity did not take an active form, nor was he even conscious of it. In Madame de Castelmoron he might, to be sure, have recognised a possible foe, had he reflected upon the severe blow which he had dealt at that lady's self-esteem ; but Madame de Castelmoron, who speedily quitted her country residence, was as speedily forgotten by him, and he asked for nothing better than neglect on the part of his neighbours.

When the news of Sir Robert Luttrell's death reached him he despatched, as was only fitting, a letter of sympathy to the widow, and this, after a considerable lapse of time, was suitably acknowledged. Lady Luttrell wrote somewhat hurriedly, but the language that she used was of a nature to give him encouragement. She had decided, she mentioned, to make her home for the future at Pau ; she hoped to be established with her daughter at the Château de Grancy before the end of the year, and she looked

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forward to seeing a great deal in a quiet way of old friends. 'Amongst whom your dear mother is one of the most valued. I like to think that you have given up all idea of deserting her in her solitude.'

Thus reassured, Raoul patiently watched the fall of the leaf, the daily darkening of the skies, and the approach of winter. Time never moves very slowly when there is a total lack of incident to mark its progress, nor can those whose thoughts are wholly occupied with the future be altogether unhappy in the present. December came upon him almost as a surprise, and it was with something akin to elation that he took his seat in the Southern express. He knew, of course, that his difficulties were only about to begin and that failure might very well be in store for him; yet, at the worst, he was going to see Madeline once more, and at the best—well, nothing forbade him to dream blissfully of the best, while the train rocked and swayed at full speed on its course towards Poitiers and Bordeaux.

Stern old Madame de Malglaive, who for weeks past had been ticking off every day and hour that brought her nearer to her son, received him, on his arrival, without any extravagant demonstrations of affection.

'You have become thinner,' she remarked, after he had enfolded her in a filial embrace, 'and your eyes look heavy. That feverish attack of which you only told me after you had recovered from it was more serious than you pretended, perhaps?'

'It was not in the least serious, and, such as it was, it left me a very long time ago,' answered Raoul, laughing. 'If my eyes are heavy, it is because I have been travelling all night. But you, *ma mère*—you do not seem to me to be as strong as you were when I left you.'

The truth was that Madame de Malglaive's face was perceptibly yellower and more wrinkled, while the withered hands which still rested on Raoul's shoulders trembled after a fashion which was quite new to him.

'I am nearly a year older,' she answered shortly; 'at my time of life strength does not increase. For the rest, I do not complain of my health, and I am still able to attend to my affairs and yours—which require attention. Nevertheless, I shall be ready to take my retreat as soon as you are ready to leave the army and manage your property for yourself.'

It was not impossible, he thought, that he might ere long be

ready and willing to do that; but he kept his own counsel, not wishing to disclose his hopes prematurely, and being well aware that they would not command his mother's immediate sympathy. He preferred to ask with a smile :

'What retreat? Not one that will take you away from your home and mine, at least? Do you think I know enough about agriculture to dispense with your help?'

Madame de Malglaive was evidently gratified; but she jerked up her bony shoulders and made a grimace. '*Mon Dieu!*' said she, 'it is true that you may count upon being robbed on all sides when I am gone: but there will be a little money for you in the bank, and possibly—who knows?—your wife, when you make up your mind to take one, may bring you a little more. Possibly, too, your wife will wish to get rid of a sour old woman.'

She added, after a short pause, 'You remember the de Villars? They have come to end their days in their own province now that he has definitely abandoned his diplomatic career, and they have promised to breakfast with us to-morrow.'

Raoul smothered a sigh. The Marquis de Villars, a wealthy and capable personage, who had subjected the loyalty of some of his friends to a rather severe strain by taking office under the Empire and representing the Republic as Ambassador at one of the principal European courts, had an only daughter. It was not difficult to guess why he had been invited to breakfast. At the same time, Mademoiselle de Villars was no more to be dreaded than any other young woman, and Raoul was fully prepared to learn that some young woman, or even several young women, had found provisional favour with his mother.

Indeed, very soon after he had had the privilege of being presented to the fair Blanche de Villars on the following day he felt that Fate had been unexpectedly kind to him, and was quite grateful to the girl for being so palpably impossible. It was not that she was deficient in good looks or in accomplishments, for she was rather pretty, in a florid style, and she had plenty to say for herself; but she belonged to a type which is of comparatively recent development in France—a type equally abhorrent to Raoul and to his mother, and scarcely understood by either of them. Mademoiselle de Villars, being no longer in the very first bloom of her youth, had seen a great deal of the world, and had not neglected her opportunities. Her conversation was not precisely that of an *ingénue*, nor did she scruple to let M. de

Malglaive know that reports of some of his escapades had reached her and to rally him upon them. In England she might have been called rather fast and noisy; in the provincial society of her native land a far less lenient judgment was likely to be pronounced upon her.

So Raoul, with a mind at ease, answered her in her own coin, while the brisk, grey-headed Marquis did his best to entertain a hostess with whom he had nothing in common, and Madame la Marquise allowed her eyes to roam round the scantily furnished dining-room. Her daughter's future abode, she may have been thinking, was not luxurious, and the match would scarcely be a brilliant one; still, sundry previous attempts at arranging a brilliant alliance for Blanche had fallen through, and the de Malglaives were said to be a great deal richer than they looked. Upon the conclusion of the repast Madame de Villars, who had hitherto only troubled herself to speak in monosyllables, graciously allowed it to be inferred that she was a consenting party. She signified as much by requesting M. de Malglaive to exhibit his garden to her daughter.

'As for me,' said she, 'I am going to take my husband to pay a few visits of obligation which Blanche will be glad to escape. We will call for her on our return.'

They were absent a full hour—an hour which seemed very long to Madame de Malglaive, who spent it in unwonted inaction in her *salon*, while the young people were exploring the ill-kept pleasure-grounds.

'*Ça y est!*' she was saying to herself; 'I was sure he would be attracted by her—though she is scarcely attractive to me. After all, it is a good marriage, and there should be a good *dot*. Provided that she does not ruin him!—for one can see that she is extravagant. As for me, I shall have to pack up my bundle and go; I shall never be able to endure it! When all is said, one place is as good as another to die in. I should have preferred to die where I have lived; but it is not to be thought of. There would assuredly be a quarrel, and I must not quarrel with Raoul's wife.'

Notwithstanding these and other melancholy reflections, the old lady was, or pretended to be, dismayed when her son, after escorting Mademoiselle de Villars to her carriage, entered the room and threw up his hands with a gesture of horrified deprecation.

'My dear mother,' he exclaimed, 'of what can you have been thinking? But she is atrocious—that Blanche whom you are so obliging as to offer me!'

'She makes the effect upon me of being a little emancipated,' Madame de Malglaive replied; 'but I am old and behind the times. I thought that a young girl of that description would appeal to your tastes.'

'God forbid! According to what she tells me, she has appealed to the tastes of too many men to have any power left for gratifying mine—which, besides, are quite simple. I have not the right to pose as an absolute innocent; but I assure you that your Mademoiselle de Villars has been making my hair stand on end.'

Madame de Malglaive smiled grimly. She liked to hear her son describe his tastes as simple; there would be a certain satisfaction in snubbing the de Villars, who had been a shade too patronising; and Blanche, apart from the substantial dowry which she might be expected to bring, was not the most desirable of daughters-in-law. Moreover, the old lady had more than one string to her bow.

'Enough!' said she; 'we will think no more about it. All I wish for now is that you should abandon your bachelor life and relieve me of cares to which I begin to feel that I am no longer as equal as I was. Only choose for yourself; you will not find me hard to please.'

The assertion, without being false, was most unfortunately misleading. Raoul naturally thought that he saw his opportunity, and upon the impulse of the moment he took advantage of it.

'Would you like me to tell you all the truth?' he asked. 'I have already chosen: it remains to be seen whether the only woman in the world whom I can ever marry will consent to take me for her husband. I have a little hope; but I cannot call it more than a very little. However, I shall soon know; for Lady Luttrell wrote to me not long ago to say that she would be here about this time. They may even have arrived, perhaps.'

Heavy clouds gathered upon Madame de Malglaive's brow. 'What!' she exclaimed; 'you are still thinking of Antoinette Luttrell's daughter, a foreigner who will not have a *liard*—it is I who answer to you for that! I hoped you had overcome that foolish fancy, of which I saw the beginning last spring. No; they have not arrived yet; but they will be here in a few days. I

understand now why Antoinette wrote to me with such affection—she who, during the long years when she thought herself rich and took me for a poor woman, could scarcely find time to call upon me! You have been in correspondence with her, then?’

Raoul defended himself and Lady Luttrell. Certainly he had written to her to convey his condolences on her husband's death; but he had not breathed a word of his intentions with regard to her daughter, nor had he any good reason for believing that such overtures would have been favourably received.

‘I know,’ he added, ‘that you are prejudiced against Miss Luttrell; but surely that cannot be on the ground of her being a foreigner. She is, after all, so little of a foreigner! And as for money, am I not well enough off to disregard that consideration?’

‘I do not admit that you are rich,’ his mother returned; ‘and if, by care and economy, your property has been made to yield more than it did in your father's time, you have the better right to demand an equivalent. *Donnant, donnant!*—these Luttrells, who have squandered their patrimony, and are now reduced to poverty, would not object to profit by what others have saved; that is easily understood! But the de Malglaives were not created to supply their wants.’

All the subdued rancour and jealousy of a lifetime found expression in her hard words and her harder countenance. Her old schoolfellow Antoinette de Grancy, who had become a *grande dame* and had seen the highest society of France and England, while she herself had been buried in penurious, provincial obscurity, had, consciously or unconsciously, inflicted many a humiliation upon her. Now the tables were turned; and if the money which she had so painfully and laboriously heaped up for her son's benefit was to go into the pockets of upholsterers and dressmakers, at least Antoinette's daughter should not have the spending of it. She had not a great deal to say against Madeline personally; although, in the course of the discussion which followed, she did contrive to say something. Her strength, as she very well knew, was to sit still.

‘I oppose myself formally to the project,’ was her final and dogged reply to Raoul's entreaties and remonstrances.

He sighed. ‘And yet,’ he said gently, ‘I cannot renounce the project. Listen, *ma mère*: I love this Englishwoman, since you persist in calling her an Englishwoman; and because I love her——’

'Ah, bah!' interrupted Madame de Malglaive roughly, 'you talk at your ease about your love! How many other women have you loved? How long will it be before this one follows the rest? Have I reproached you?—have I spoken to you about these things? Have I ever grudged the money which has been lavished upon persons whose names are well known to me, though I do not care to sully my lips with them? No; I have said to myself that there would be an end to such follies—that you would weary of them in due season, as your forefathers wearied of them. Love!—that may be an excuse for follies, but Heaven knows that it is no excuse for marriage!'

Raoul hung his head. 'It is true,' he said, 'that I have been guilty of many follies, of which I repent now that it is too late. It is true that you have been very good to me and very forbearing. Believe me, I am not ungrateful.'

'It must be confessed,' returned his mother, with a harsh laugh, 'that you adopt a droll fashion of proving your gratitude. *Allons!* you are the master; it is for you to choose between me and a penniless girl whose pretty face has fascinated you for the moment, and I perceive that you will not hesitate. Let me tell you, however, that on the day when you marry Miss Luttrell you will see the last of your mother.'

She started up and left the room with a quick, firm step; though he noticed that she paused and staggered for an instant on the threshold.

He did not follow her—what would have been the use, seeing that he could not say what she wished him to say?—but his heart sank within him. He had been, he felt, inexcusably maladroit. He should have waited, before speaking, to ascertain whether his love was returned or not: then he might have presented himself to his mother with a case so strong that she would scarcely have been able to resist it. As matters stood, he had made sure of her determined resistance, and he knew that what she had threatened to do she would do; for it was no habit of hers to utter unmeaning menaces. Now, it was very nearly as impossible a thing for Raoul de Malglaive to let his mother leave his house in anger as it would have been to stab her through the heart.

But when the dinner-hour brought them together again a change had come over her demeanour. She was silent, subdued, no longer combative, and almost humble in her anxiety that her son should partake of the dishes which she herself left untouched.

She looked old and ill ; and in truth she was both. As soon as the servants had retired, and it was possible to talk about subjects more interesting than the instability of the existing government and the steady degeneration of Pau society, Raoul moved his chair round the table, so as to place himself at his mother's elbow, and said :

'You are making yourself unhappy too soon. It is not certain that I shall ever offer myself to Miss Luttrell, and it is still less certain that she will accept me if I do. I cannot obey you ; I cannot give her up ; but I want you to believe that I would make any sacrifice, short of that, to please you—and the time has not yet come for either of us to make a sacrifice.'

The truce at which he hinted was agreed to at once. Madame de Malglaive laid her trembling hand—the hand which all her efforts could not keep from trembling—upon her son's, and answered :

'Raoul, you must pardon me ; I have said things to you which I ought not to have said, although they were true. Yet—you are all that I have in the world, and, as you say, this marriage is not yet arranged. You will not be in a hurry ; you will see and judge for yourself—perhaps you will change your mind ; and why should I be deprived of the only joy that remains to me ? Let us say no more about the matter, and try to forget—to forget—'

Her voice broke ; her eyes suddenly filled with tears, which brimmed over and rolled down her withered cheeks ; undoubtedly she was no longer the woman that she had been. Nevertheless, while the mother and son embraced, each recognised that the other was incapable of yielding, and that the course of events alone, which both were well nigh powerless to direct, must decide between them. Meanwhile, they were genuinely, if a little absurdly, sorry for each other.

CHAPTER XXX.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

LADY LUTTRELL and Madeline, attended by a retinue somewhat more numerous than they required or could afford to maintain, reached the Château de Grancy to find two bouquets awaiting them. One of these, which was composed of hothouse blooms, put together with some degree of skill by a local florist, bore the card of

the Vicomte de Malglaive, whose '*hommages respectueux*' it purported to represent; the other, which was much larger, was a mere bundle of flowers, obviously culled from the donor's own garden, who had scribbled upon a half-sheet of paper a few words of welcome to the friend of her youth. Madame de Malglaive had as yet no quarrel with the friend of her youth, and perhaps wished it to be understood that she had none: what Raoul may have wished to be understood by a gift which was at once handed over to Madeline the recipient did not know; but she allowed his orchids and gardenias to wither upon their wired stems, whereas his mother's floral tribute was duly utilised for the decoration of the drawing-room and dining-room.

'Very amiable of them to have thought of us,' Lady Luttrell remarked complacently; 'no doubt we shall have a visit from them to-morrow.'

Her prescience was not at fault; for they both called on the following day, although they did not come together, and only one of them was admitted. Raoul, who presented himself early in the afternoon, was informed that the ladies were a little fatigued after their journey and were resting; Madame de Malglaive, arriving some two hours later, was more fortunate.

'Ah, dear friend,' she exclaimed, as she advanced into the rather desolate-looking room where Lady Luttrell was sitting alone, 'what pain it gives me to see you all in black! How this reminds us that our own lives are very near an end!'

She was not insincere: compassion costs nothing, and her compassion was quite at the service of one for whose designs she could make allowance, while firmly bent upon frustrating them. Lady Luttrell, on her side, was touched, grateful, sorry for herself and willing to believe that others must be sorry for her; so that for some little time the interview between the two ladies was of an affectionate and cordial character. But of course they did not part without the exchange of a few veiled thrusts and parries.

'And so you have not yet married your daughter? Poor child! I regret it for her sake, as well as for yours. Naturally, occasions will have presented themselves in London which cannot be expected to recur, since you do not contemplate a return to England; and here—eh! one does not, as you know, marry one's children here without a *dot*.'

'I assure that I am not in such a hurry. Madeline, fortunately or unfortunately, is difficult to please: otherwise she might have

made more than one excellent match by this time. Personally, I do not covet for her a husband who covets money; but my ideas upon such subjects are probably very different from yours. And your son? Have you succeeded in finding a partner for him amongst these good provincials, who cling so naïvely to the old-fashioned *bourgeois* notion that marriage is a mere question of barter?’

‘I have never before heard that notion described as belonging peculiarly to the *bourgeoisie*. No; like you, I am not in a hurry, and Raoul, like your daughter, is a little difficult to please. I hope, nevertheless, that he will soon decide to settle down, and we have many neighbours and friends who can scarcely be called provincial, although they happen to possess properties in Béarn. For my part, I am not more ambitious than another; I shall only require my daughter-in-law to be of good family and to be sufficiently well provided for.’

‘And you think he will make a point of dutifully complying with your requirements?’

‘I do not doubt it; Raoul has always been the best of sons. With your English habits of looking at things, my dear Antoinette, you have forgotten what the family means to us. Not for the world would I say anything to distress you; but your eldest son, who married a rich woman only to get himself divorced by her—can you conceive that such a scandal would ever have been permitted here?’

‘Yet divorces are more frequent in France than in England, I believe. Not that Guy is divorced from his wife. But, when all is said, I have no cause to complain of my son, and I trust that you will find yours as submissive as you expect. Tell him to come and see us when he has a spare half-hour. We shall be enchanted to renew acquaintance with him, and you will not, I am sure, accuse me of meditating an alliance between him and my portionless daughter.’

It was a bold stroke on the part of Lady Luttrell, who was meditating that very thing, to use such direct language, and her antagonist, visibly disconcerted, could only reply:

‘He will not fail to pay his respects to you. I need hardly tell you that I have no fear of the occurrence of impossibilities.’

Thus, like a couple of duly accredited plenipotentiaries, the two ladies concluded their conference with mutual expressions of regard, neither deceived nor deceiving, yet fairly well satisfied

with a drawn battle. The fact was—and possibly they were aware of it—that they were quite powerless. Raoul had only to insist and Madeline to consent. Pressure might be brought to bear upon the former in one direction and upon the latter in another; but the case was hardly one for prohibition or coercion.

Now, during the next week or ten days the puzzle to Lady Luttrell (Madame de Malglaive, being better informed, was less bewildered, if not less anxious) was to discover what the intentions and wishes of the young people really were. They met every day; they apparently took pleasure in each other's society; the riding expeditions of the previous winter were resumed, and Madeline, who had now no horse of her own, willingly accepted M. de Malglaive's offer of a mount; yet their demeanour, somehow, was not quite that of lovers, nor did they seem to be altogether at their ease together.

One of them, in truth, was by no means at his ease, and Lady Luttrell could not have been more puzzled than he was. What was he to conclude from the frank, but undefinably cold, friendliness with which the girl whom he loved received him? What was the meaning of her mother's marked amiability and encouragement and her own readiness to welcome him, tempered by occasional caustic allusions, the drift of which he could not always perceive? Something was wrong; something had happened to alter and harden her; but as she was neither rude nor disagreeable to him, he had no excuse for asking what it was, and was fain to try and persuade himself that she was only a year older. After all, she had passed through many experiences, including a complete change of circumstances and a London season, since they had parted in the spring, and no one knew better than he did how evanescent is the first freshness of youth.

'Do you remember, Mademoiselle,' he ventured to say one day, 'telling me that you looked upon your time at Pau as a holiday? You should be contented now that your holiday is to be permanent.'

'Have I the air of being discontented?' she asked. 'On the contrary, I am charmed to think that I shall probably end my days here; although I can well understand that other people might find the place insupportable out of the season. You yourself, for example—you would soon begin to pine for Paris or even for Tours, would you not?'

'I have done with Paris, and I hope I shall soon have done

with Tours,' he replied. 'For the rest, every place is what its inhabitants make it. If you knew how I have longed for Pau, and—and for the meeting with you which Pau has meant to me all this time!'

'So much as that? Well, you have gained what you longed for, and I hope the result comes up to your expectations.'

It was on the tip of his tongue to answer that it did not, that he had misgivings which she alone could confirm or dispel, that he suspected her of being displeased with him, although he was unconscious of having done anything to merit her displeasure; but she was looking him so straight in the face, and the smile upon her lips was so much more suggestive of mockery than sympathy, that his courage failed him. Their conversation ended, as several preceding ones had ended, with a change of subject and an interchange of commonplaces which left them no nearer to an understanding than they had been at the outset.

Meanwhile, Madame de Malglaive, assuming an attitude of expectant non-intervention, did not attempt to prevent her son from visiting the Château de Grancy as often as it might please him to do so. She withdrew nothing and reiterated nothing; perhaps she divined that by thus remaining silent and quiescent she made him a good deal more uncomfortable than she would have done by the adoption of active tactics. She did, it is true, in the exercise of a somewhat unwonted hospitality, invite sundry neighbours, with their marriageable daughters, to breakfast and dinner; but she refrained from asking Raoul's opinion of the young ladies. She merely exhibited them to him, as it were, so as to let him see that the department of the Basses-Pyrénées could, if called upon, produce in sufficient numbers what he ought to require. Also she looked ill and sad. Doubtless she only did that because she happened to be both, and because she could not help it; but the effect was, nevertheless, considerable. There were moments when Raoul almost doubted whether he had the right to break his mother's heart. But he reflected, with a rueful smile, that the course of events was much more likely to break his own; so for a time he allowed events to take their course, becoming a little less hopeful every day, yet deriving some measure of comfort from the fact that, while Lady Luttrell was openly on his side, Madeline did not seem to be openly against him.

Colonel Curtis, looking scarcely older than when we last saw him at his accustomed post, was gazing out of the club window

one evening when a lady and gentleman on horseback passed at a walking pace beneath him.

'I expect,' he remarked to the companion who was stationed at his elbow, 'that we shall hear before long of *that* little affair being settled.'

'Daughter of Sir Robert Luttrell's, isn't she?' said the other. 'Man's a foreigner, I presume, or he wouldn't ride with such a long stirrup. Sorry to hear that poor old Luttrell was pretty nearly smashed up when he died.'

Colonel Curtis wagged his head solemnly. 'I am afraid,' he replied, 'that there is a sad change there, and I can't wonder that my old friend Lady Luttrell should be so anxious to establish her daughter anyhow and anywhere. She would have preferred an English marriage, no doubt; but this young de Malglaive—whom you probably don't know, as the best French families hold so much aloof from winter visitors nowadays—is worth securing. Well born, you see, and extremely well off; it is an open question whether she could do better.'

Colonel Curtis conveyed, and wished to convey, the impression that he had been consulted upon the point. His neighbour, who was acquainted with his harmless little peculiarities, smiled slightly and said, 'You have signified your approval, then?'

'My dear fellow, how could one disapprove? It is so essential that the girl should marry; and although Raoul has been a rather gay youth, there is no reason why he should not become a pattern husband. Besides, he is, or will be, very rich. His mother has been saving for years and years—you have no idea how thrifty these French people are or of the small sums upon which they contrive to keep up appearances—and when she dies, I should say there will be a good lump of money for him. A good lump of money,' the Colonel repeated emphatically.

'Consequently, if he is smitten with the young lady—who, from the few glimpses that I have had of her, strikes me as being one of the prettiest young ladies I have ever seen in my life—all he has to do is to get in and win, eh?'

'Exactly so. And an uncommonly lucky beggar he is, in my opinion!'

Raoul, who was very far from coming under that denomination in his own opinion, might have been faintly amused if he could have overheard what lookers-on thought of his chances. He himself knew not what to think of his chances; certainly it had not

occurred to him that they could be improved in any way by his comparative wealth and Madeline's comparative poverty. This ride from which he was now returning, and during which he had been practically left alone with Miss Luttrell by the considerate friends who had accompanied them, had not been satisfactory to him, nor, in spite of her apparent willingness to accept his society, could he flatter himself that his suit had made the smallest progress.

'Will you not come in and have tea with us?' she asked him, when he had helped her to dismount at the door of the Château de Grancy and the horses had been sent away in charge of a groom. 'It is so warm this evening that I don't see why we shouldn't have tea out in the garden.'

Of course he accepted the invitation, and when it presently transpired that Lady Luttrell had not yet returned home, his pulse, for a moment, beat more quickly. But Madeline's, he could see, did not. The situation evidently had nothing thrilling or suggestive for her, and he sighed as he seated himself by her side on the terrace, in full view of the rosy mountains. As he did not speak for a minute or two, she turned her eyes upon him with that air of ironical scrutiny which she had often affected of late and which never failed to make him wince.

'You look unhappy,' she remarked; 'is it permitted to inquire whether there is anything particular the matter with you?'

'I *am* unhappy,' he answered, with a sudden, half-despairing resolution to be kept in suspense no longer; 'and I think, *mademoiselle*, that you know well enough what is the matter with me. Yet I must tell you—it is necessary to tell you! And it will be useless, no doubt.'

'You have something to tell me?' she said interrogatively. The smile into which her lips were curved was not a friendly one; her eyes, which he had once thought so sympathetic, had a mocking glitter; for an instant he was reminded of a cat playing with a mouse, and he resented her cruelty, though he could neither account for it nor say precisely in what it consisted.

'Yes,' he answered rather doggedly; 'something which will be no news to you and will give you neither pleasure nor pain, I imagine. As for me, the pain of hearing that you do not love me will be no greater now than it would be a week or a fortnight hence, and I had better take it at once. In a week or a fortnight

you would say just what you are going to say to me now, would you not ?'

'Probably,' she replied, without any diminution of composure, 'Am I to take this as a formal declaration, then ?'

He jumped up and stretched out both his hands towards her with an imploring gesture. 'Don't speak to me like that!' he exclaimed. 'You do not love me—very well; that is my great misfortune, for which you might pity me, and for which I cannot help thinking that you would have pitied me a year ago. But to love you as madly, as devotedly as I do—surely that is not an offence!'

'To speak honestly,' answered Madeline calmly, 'I do not consider it a very high compliment. It may be perfectly true, and I should think it is, that you honour me for the present with what you choose to call your love; but as I am neither the first nor the second person whom you have honoured in that way——'

'Ah,' he interrupted despondently, 'I have sometimes been afraid of this! You have sometimes said things to me which—which—— And yet, if you only understood! It is out of the question for me to discuss such matters with you, and I wish with all my heart that my life had not been what it has been. But how could I know—how can any one know—what real love is until he has experienced it?'

'How indeed? But what I was going to say was that, since you have so frequently experienced what you have mistaken for love, I do not despair of your recovery in the present instance. After such uninterrupted successes, it is mortifying, perhaps, to meet with a solitary failure; but never mind! *Ça vous passera.*'

'Can I not convince you?' he cried. 'Will nothing that I can say make you believe that you are all the world to me?'

'Oh, you convince me. I believe that you care a good deal for me, and that you are quite wretched because I do not return your affection. But you hardly expect me to marry you, I suppose, in order to relieve your wretchedness.'

Raoul looked down in silence. Of course he did not expect that—nor had he expected her to reject him after a fashion which betrayed positive repugnance. She had, at least, not detested him that afternoon at Lourdes when he had picked up the wild flower which she had allowed to drop within his reach; she had liked him, if she had not loved him, before her departure for England. Yet she must have been as well aware then as she was

now that his career had not been precisely that of a candidate for the priesthood.

‘Is this your last word?’ he asked at length. ‘Will you never relent?’

‘Never,’ she replied. And then, after a short pause: ‘I might have prevented you from asking me to marry you; but I did not wish to prevent it. I wanted to have this opportunity of assuring you that there are some girls in the world who would die rather than marry a man of your character. I do not say that there are many; still there are some, and I hope there will be more. You do not attempt to defend yourself; you know in your heart that you have no defence to offer, and that you would shrink away from me in horror and disgust if I had done a single one of the things which you look upon as mere trifles in your own case. There!—we will say no more about it; but please believe that between you and me there is a chasm across which we cannot by any possibility join hands.’

Had Clarissa been privileged to listen to the above speech, she would have felt proud of her disciple and pleased with herself; but in the absence of Clarissa, there was neither pride nor pleasure for anybody. Madeline, after the man whom she still loved, notwithstanding his iniquities, had meekly accepted his dismissal and had gone his way, felt that she had been sententious, puritanical—not even explicit. For, after all, his chief crime was his recent treachery, not the laxity of his conduct in days gone by, and she had given no hint to that effect. Meanwhile, she had slammed the door of possible compassion and repentance in her own face: such as he was, she had lost him for ever. Raoul, for his part, walked away, thinking once more of Sénégal and Tonquin. He had been judged with extreme severity, and, if it had been worth while, he might have made out a case for himself to which an impartial and merciful judge would have allowed some weight. But since Madeline cared nothing for him, what would have been the use of appealing to her mercy or impartiality?

‘It is all over,’ he said to himself; ‘I have nothing left to live for now, and if I had no mother, I would put a pistol to my head at once.’

CHAPTER XXXI.

MADAME DE MALGLAIVE RESIGNS THE REINS.

ASSUMING—as nine out of every ten of us do assume—that life, even under adverse conditions, is preferable to death, it was fortunate for Raoul de Malglaiwe that he had a mother, and also that he was neither cruel enough nor cowardly enough to inflict upon her so terrible a blow as the suicide of her son would have been. But for her, he would willingly have terminated an existence which had ceased to offer any attraction to him, and which, moreover, was rendered somewhat additionally bitter to him at that moment by the thought that maternal sympathy was the last thing which he could expect. Walking up the straight avenue that led to his abode and hers, he debated with himself whether he should immediately tell her of his defeat and have done with it or whether he should allow her to find out for herself that she had now no more to fear from the Luttrells than he had to hope. He had not yet made up his mind one way or the other when he was met by a *coupé* which had just left the house and which was brought to a standstill as soon as it had passed him.

A little, rotund man, with a short iron-grey beard, jumped out and hailed him by name. ‘Hé! Monsieur Raoul; I must say two words to you.’

Raoul, with some surprise, recognised Dr. Leroy, a rather rare visitant in a household where no one had ever been permitted to indulge in imaginary ailments. ‘Is one of the servants ill?’ he inquired. ‘I do not ask you whether you have been called in to see my mother, who, I believe, has never consulted a medical man since my birth.’

The doctor dropped his bullet head beneath his round shoulders and spread out his hands. ‘*Parbleu!*’ he returned, ‘it is more than a year that she has been consulting me—and with reason! Oh, at my house, not here, and with a hundred precautions against discovery. She has a courage and an obstinacy!—*Enfin!* that could not continue for ever, and she has been forced to take to her bed, where she will remain, if you please, for the present.’

‘Do you mean that she is dangerously ill?’ asked Raoul, aghast.

‘I hope it may be long before you are as ill as she is, *mon*

garçon ; but we must all come to it sooner or later. I speak to you frankly ; the time has come for frank speaking, in spite of her prohibitions. She has a disease of the heart which is absolutely incurable, and which has caused her atrocious sufferings, poor woman ! I do not say that the end will come next week or next month or even next year ; but this is the worst attack that she has had, and her power of resistance is not what it was. You need not mention, when you see her, that I have betrayed her secret ; she holds to keeping you and everybody about her in the dark, and there is no harm in indulging her fancies. But, for your sake as well as hers, I could no longer venture to remain silent.'

Raoul, half-stunned by this intelligence, which was imparted to him with a crudity perhaps neither unintentional nor unkindly, could only murmur : 'I thought her looking aged and ill ; but not so ill as that ! And she said that she did not complain of her health.'

'I believe you !—it is not one of her habits to complain. For the rest, she will have less pain now, I hope, and I shall not scruple to use remedies which we prefer not to employ in the earlier stages of these maladies. As for you, your presence is one of the best medicines that can be given to her, and I forbid you to deprive her of it ! You must obtain leave ; you must abandon your profession, if necessary——'

'That is of course,' interrupted Raoul ; 'I should not dream of deserting her.'

So much the better ! She has not been too tender with you, perhaps, and I assure you that she is not too polite to me ; but you would be the most ungrateful of sons if you did not adore her, and for my part, I admire courage and fortitude whenever I come across them. *Une maîtresse femme !*

About ten minutes later Raoul, in compliance with his request, was admitted into his mother's bedroom. He did not rush up thither without having given any warning of his approach, such impulsive methods of procedure being altogether opposed to the traditions and regulations of the household ; but he was unable to conceal his agitation as he entered, and this was at once detected and disapproved of by the stern old woman who was half sitting, half reclining in bed, with a faded knitted shawl wrapped round her shoulders.

'It seems,' said she, 'that Leroy has been telling you some of

his fantastic histories. They are incorrigible, these doctors! Once let them gain a footing in your house and you may be sure that they will hasten to exaggerate everything, lest you should discover how well you can get on without them. It is true that I found myself a little indisposed to-day, and since he ordered me to go to bed, here I am—one has the air of being an imbecile if one calls in the doctor and then refuses to obey him. But I am already much better, and by to-morrow, or perhaps the next day, I shall be about again as usual. There is no need for you to assume a tragic countenance.'

Her own countenance was tragic enough, with its ghastly pallor, its bluish tinge about the lips, and the deeply traced lines of age and suffering which it exhibited; but her son answered her as he knew that she wished to be answered. The doctor, he confessed, had frightened him for a moment; it was so unprecedented an event for her to be confined to her room. But he did not doubt that she would soon be herself again; all he begged of her was not to be in too great a hurry and to remember that her strength could not be what it had been twenty years back. Then he seated himself by the bedside, noting, with a pang of self-reproach, as he did so, the meagre and inexpensive surroundings which accorded with her ideas of luxury, and added:

'I was going to ask whether you could see me before I heard of your being unwell. I have some news to give you, and I think you will consider it good news.'

Madame de Malglaive's breathing became short, and the pupils of her sunken eyes grew large. What was he going to say? He understood that agonised, unspoken query and hastened to relieve the questioner.

'It is not very good news from my point of view,' he said steadily, forcing himself to smile while he spoke; 'after what I told you a short time ago, you will know that it cannot be that. But to you it will be a comfort and a consolation to hear that Miss Luttrell has refused absolutely and finally to marry me.'

'She has refused!' ejaculated Madame de Malglaive incredulously; 'you tell me that that girl refuses to marry my son?'

He nodded. 'Why not?' he asked. 'It is quite simple; she does not love me, and, like many other Englishwomen, she will not marry a man whom she does not love. Since she will never be my wife or your daughter-in-law, we may do her the justice to respect her motives, may we not?'

The sick woman's fingers plucked nervously at the quilt which covered her knees. Comforted and consoled she certainly was; yet she had not expected this; she would have preferred rejecting the Luttrells to being rejected by them, and she could not bring herself to thank Madeline for having had the audacity to spurn a de Malglaive.

'Then,' said she, after a pause, 'you will think no more about the girl?'

'I cannot promise that,' answered Raoul, smiling again; 'but I shall think no more about the possibility of her becoming my wife, for she has convinced me that there is no such possibility. I am sorry that she has come between us, *ma mère*,' he went on, stretching out his hand, which the old woman took; 'it has not been her fault, and I do not think that it has been mine; there was no help for it. Anyhow, the trouble is at an end now; and we are friends once more, are we not?'

Madame de Malglaive made a slight gesture of assent. It was not in her nature to express what she felt, and she may have been more moved with compassion for her son and more sensible of his affection for her than she thought it wise to reveal. All she said was, 'It is best so; believe me, it is best so.'

He sat with her until the room grew dark, and as the light failed, her manner gradually softened. She seemed to have forgotten the fiction upon which she had at first insisted that there was nothing grave the matter with her; she spoke of the abandonment of his military career as though that had been an understood and inevitable step; she mentioned certain particulars connected with the management of his property to which she would assuredly not have alluded, had she anticipated ever resuming control over it; and more than once she exclaimed wistfully, 'If only you had the wife who will be so indispensable!'

The pathos of it all was not lost upon Raoul. He said what he could and as much as he dared, keeping with some difficulty the sound of tears out of his voice. Earlier in the afternoon he had thought himself in despair; but most people know how pain in one part of the body may be deadened by sudden twinges in another, and this fresh sorrow served as a partial anodyne to him. At all events, it diverted his thoughts from himself and swept away the last vestige of resentment that he had felt against the mother who, during so many years, had lived only for him. In spite of Dr. Leroy, in spite of the conviction which she herself unwittingly

betrayed every minute, he clung to the hope that he was not yet to be deprived of her. She did not seem to be dying; with her marvellous energy and vitality, she was surely capable of overcoming an attack which might be regarded merely in the light of a first warning; the main thing was to take the burden of daily work off her shoulders, and this he was fully determined to do.

But Madame de Malglaive belonged to that class of human beings who either die in harness or turn their faces to the wall when harness cannot be resumed. She did not leave her bed on the morrow nor on the following day; she had not, in fact, the strength to get up, and Dr. Leroy shook his head over her when she was not looking.

‘I give her a month,’ he told Raoul, in his brusque way; ‘all we can do for her now is to spare her unnecessary suffering, and I have told the nurse what to do if I should not be within reach.’

That the dying woman had consented to be placed under the care of a professional nurse was in itself an event of ominous significance. She had evidently no illusions; although she did not yet choose to admit the truth to her son, and assured him, as day succeeded to day, that she was getting better. He, on his side, had been too well drilled to disobey her unspoken commands. They understood each other; but the pretence which she considered desirable was kept up, and in the long conversations that they held together there was no lessening of the formality which had ever marked their intercourse.

A great many people, of whom Raoul personally received a few, called to make inquiries. Perhaps he would not have cared to include Lady Luttrell amongst that select few if she had not made such a point of it; but since she did, he descended to the cold, bare *salon* where she was waiting for him, and was touched by the genuine feeling which she displayed.

‘Oh, no, madame,’ he said quietly, in answer to her, ‘there is not the smallest hope now. At first there appeared to be a possibility; but that has vanished. I am sorry that she is not equal to seeing you; besides myself, she sees only the doctor and the priest.’

Lady Luttrell made use of her pocket-handkerchief, which was really required; for she was a tender-hearted woman. Moreover, she had more reasons than one for earnestly desiring to say a few words to her old friend. These, she was gently but firmly given to understand, could not be said; nor, unfortunately, was it possible

to transmit all of them in the form of a message. So she was fain to be satisfied with sending such a message of grief and affection as all the world might hear; after which—as Raoul's bearing remained somewhat distantly polite, and he seemed to be ready to open the door for her—she suddenly and impulsively seized him by both hands.

'I wish,' she exclaimed, 'I could tell you how sorry I am for you! It is not your dear mother's illness alone; I know—I have heard from my daughter—of your—your disappointment. It is a disappointment to me too, and a very great one!'

Raoul bowed gravely.

'But I want you to believe,' Lady Luttrell went on, with much earnestness, 'that all is not over yet. I can see that Madeline is unhappy; though she is perverse and will not listen to reason. She has imbibed notions which have no common sense from my daughter-in-law, who, as I dare say you are aware, has been a sad trial to all of us. In a word, I shall be distressed, and I think you will be mistaken, if you accept Madeline's answer as final.'

Encouragement of that nature, however well meant, was scarcely convincing. Raoul said what seemed to be requisite in acknowledgment of his visitor's kindness; but he did not see how Madeline could be made to love him by the rehabilitation of his character (supposing that to be possible) or even by the relinquishment on her part of notions which had no common sense. As for Lady Luttrell, the causes of her anxiety to bring about an alliance which she was powerless to command were not so very far to seek.

Indeed, if these had not already been tolerably apparent to him, they would have been rendered so that same evening by an announcement which his mother decided to make, on being informed of Lady Luttrell's visit.

'That poor Antoinette!' sighed Madame de Malglaive; 'I am sorry for her and I am at peace with her. They tell me that I ought to be at peace with all the world now, lest this illness of mine should terminate as all illnesses are liable to terminate. Nevertheless, it is right that you should know why she was so eager to see me, and that you should be put upon your guard against her manœuvres. The truth is that she is in my power and that, in case of anything happening to me, she will be in yours. Her house and her land, upon which I have advanced

money, might be claimed by us; for she has paid no interest, and from what I have been able to learn of her affairs, she is hardly in a position to pay any. Her husband, who was a careless spendthrift, forgot, I suppose, that he had eaten up her fortune during his lifetime, and made his will under the impression that there was no need to provide for her. She is to be pitied—oh, yes, she is to be pitied, no doubt—but we, at least, have done her no wrong and have nothing to atone for. In the days of her prosperity she would have laughed at the idea of marrying her daughter to a de Malglaive: it must be admitted that we are entitled to respectfully decline her advances now.’

‘There is no question of advances,’ returned Raoul, in a pained, irritated voice—for he could not endure to think of Madeline as liable to be influenced by considerations of merely worldly expediency. ‘I have had my answer, and I shall not ask for it to be repeated. But if we have it in our power to injure people who have done us no injury, we shall never exercise that power, shall we? I am sure you would not do that, or wish me to do it, *ma mère*.’

Madame de Malglaive, propped up in bed and breathing with occasional difficulty, responded by a gesture which was not precisely one of assent. She was, as she had said, at peace with her old friend; she did not want or intend to injure anybody; yet—to make a free gift of a large sum of money, which represented the hard savings of years, went against the grain with her.

‘“Never,”’ she remarked at length, ‘is a big word. What is ours is ours, and we have to consider those who may come after us. I do not suggest that you should turn Antoinette and her daughter into the street; but to buy their property in order to make a present of it to them—*mon Dieu!* that would be going rather far, and I do not see how their self-respect could permit them to agree to such a transaction.’

‘Of course it would not,’ said Raoul; ‘nor would my respect for them permit me to make such an offer. All we have to do, it seems to me, is to refrain from claiming the interest.’

‘Perfectly. Only formal claims have been made, and must be made, from time to time. And it was my duty to warn you of the reasons which these people will have for trying to—how shall I say it without giving you offence?—to ensnare you.’

Raoul nodded. ‘It is understood,’ he answered. Presently he added; ‘You need have no fear of my being ensnared. Miss

Luttrell is incapable of acting in that way, and her mother—well, her mother, who may be pardoned for desiring to do so, is in reality not less incapable. That chapter is closed.'

Madame de Malglaive sighed. Perhaps the chapter was closed : she could but hope that it was. What she knew for certain was that there would be no more chapters in the story of her own life, and that she would be unable to dictate those which were still wanting to complete the story of her son's. She had done her best during her tenure of power ; now she had to resign the reins of government and to realise what none of us can realise without some little difficulty, that she was not indispensable.

It was not from her son that she was likely to get any help towards the realisation of that rather saddening truth. To him she was, if not indispensable, at least so essential a factor of existence as he had hitherto known it that his own life seemed to him to be ebbing away with hers. There would, of course, be an after life ; but he could not imagine what it would be like, nor did the prospect of it smile upon him. From his childhood, when '*Maman*,' less stern and unbending in those far-away days, had been the recipient of all his confidences, there had always been one person upon whose spoken or unspoken sympathy he could implicitly rely ; even the cloud which had latterly arisen between them had not, as he well knew, diminished her love for him. Soon there would be nobody—absolutely nobody in the wide world—to whom it would signify one jot whether he blew his brains out or retained them, such as they were, in their normal position. Thinking of all this, and of the poor return that he had made for so many years of maternal devotion, he had much ado to restrain himself from making one of those scenes which he had been educated to hold uncalled for and unbecoming.

However, he did restrain himself, and up to the end the word 'death' was pronounced neither by mother nor son. Certain words of information and advice were bestowed by the former upon the latter—in case he might need them—and Raoul was given opportunities, of which he availed himself, to gladden the poor old woman's heart by proving that he was not ungrateful nor insensible ; but there was a tacit understanding between them that tears and unavailing lamentations were to be dispensed with, and that restoration to health was to be treated as a probable, not an impossible, event.

The end, when it came, was not, unhappily, one of those which

are dwelt upon afterwards in the memory with melancholy pleasure and consolation. Some people die easily and some die hard: poor Madame de Malglaive's constitution was such that she was bound to fight for her life, and all that can be said is that she bore her necessary sufferings with heroic fortitude. What could be done to mitigate those sufferings was done; and thus for four-and-twenty hours before she passed away she had ceased to recognise those about her.

'To think,' exclaimed Raoul, after he had closed his mother's eyes and was standing with Dr. Leroy alone in the death-chamber, 'to think it should have come to this—that I am thankful she is gone!'

'Several thousands besides you, *mon garçon*, say that every day,' returned the doctor, who could not afford to let his feelings get the better of him. 'What would you have? Death is a necessity and pain is a necessity. But the world goes round all the same, and it is our good fortune that we very soon forget both when they are out of sight.'

CHAPTER XXXII.

PERFECT CONDUCT.

'I AM at the orders of Monsieur le Vicomte,' said M. Cayaux, who for many years had been Madame de Malglaive's trusted man of business; 'I do not permit myself to make representations which—which, in short, it would not become me to make.'

He had, however, already taken the liberty of pointing out that when one possesses a handsome fortune, in addition to a very considerable amount of real estate, one does not, as a rule, turn one's back upon the place where one ought to be residing and solicit military employment in the neighbourhood of the equator. M. Cayaux had been shocked and distressed by the instructions which Raoul had given him, and by the young man's incidentally expressed intention of pursuing a career of adventure amongst turbulent West African tribes. For what conceivable reason could one who was apparently in his sober senses, and who was from every point of view enviable, desire to court an obscure and inglorious death?

No reply was vouchsafed to this very natural question, and M. Cayaux, a little affronted, yet alive to the duty of retaining a

wealthy client, could but profess himself ready to do whatever he was told to do. For the matter of that, his instructions were quite simple and left him with a perfectly free hand, save in one particular. Under no circumstances was he to take legal proceedings against tenants or others who might be in arrear with their payments. For the rest, he was to collect rents, adopt such measures as might seem to him advisable in the interest of his employer, and assume that he had *carte blanche* in the probable event of his employer's exact address being undiscoverable.

The bare, gloomy room in which this unbusinesslike conference was held had been the scene of many previous conferences between M. Cayaux and Madame de Malglaive, whereby the latter's capacity for transacting matters of business had often extorted a reluctant tribute of admiration from the former. But Madame de Malglaive lay, silent for ever, in the cemetery, where her remains had been deposited with due pomp and ceremony two days before, and it looked very much as if the work of her keen, active life were in danger of being wantonly thrown away. Did this foolish, yet peremptory, young man imagine that an absentee, however conscientiously served, can escape loss?—or that money, however plentiful at the outset, will stay in the pockets of those who treat it with contemptuous indifference? It is annoying, no doubt, to have every item of one's honest accounts scrutinised and questioned; but it is almost worse to be ignored and left to one's own devices, with the prospect of neither praise nor blame as the result of one's exertions.

But Raoul had no sympathy to bestow upon a clever lawyer who took some legitimate pride in his work; nor would he have been closeted with M. Cayaux at all if that worthy man had not insisted upon an interview.

'It seems that I am rich,' he said. 'So much the better; for riches mean liberty, and liberty is the one and only thing that I covet. That being so, you will understand that I decline absolutely to be chained up anywhere, and you will appreciate my dislike to being worried with petty details.'

He had quite made up his mind to return to his regiment and to transfer himself from it at the earliest opportunity to some distant part of the world, where soldiering would not be a mere affair of parades and manœuvres. As for remaining in the Basses-Pyrénées and in due course espousing the daughter of some neighbouring proprietor—well, that was perhaps what his mother

would have wished him to do, and if she had lived, he might have made an effort to gratify her; but now that she was gone, and that his proceedings could no longer affect her happiness one way or the other, what did it signify? He longed to escape from that mournful, empty house; he longed—not indeed to forget, but to begin the new life which lay before him and to shake off the trammels which still bound him to the old and dead one. Thus nature asserts herself, and thus all living creatures are compelled to obey the law of incessant decay and renewal which keeps the outer crust of this planet fresh.

Not within two days of his mother's funeral, however, was it possible for Raoul to desert the home which could never again seem like home to him. There were fifty things to be done which could not well be intrusted to others; there were conventional observances to be attended to; there were friends to whom he was bound, in decency and gratitude, to bid farewell. And if Lady Luttrell (whose notes and messages had been frequent and who had laid an exquisite wreath upon his mother's coffin) had to be included amongst these, perhaps the duty of calling at the Château de Grancy was not altogether distasteful to him. Nothing would be altered—he was very sure of that—by the exchange of a few parting words with Madeline and a last look at her face; but he hungered and thirsted after both, and there was no valid reason why he should deny himself either.

He placed the Château de Grancy at the end of the list of houses at which it behoved him to present himself, arrayed in that garb of profound woe which has fallen out of use in England, but remains indispensable on the other side of the Channel. He naturally wished to wind up with the only people whom he was at all anxious to find at home, and, not being a vain man, it did not occur to him to think how much better he looked in a smart cavalry uniform than in the sable suit hastily provided for him by a local tailor, and the tall hat, swathed nearly to its summit in a black band held together by little glass-headed pins. He was aware of being handsome—he had been so often and so fervently assured of that fact that he could scarcely be in ignorance of it—but since his good looks had not enabled him to find favour in the eyes of Madeline Luttrell, he set no store by them.

The ladies were at home, he was glad to hear from the servant who answered his ring at their door, and presently the elder of them was holding him affectionately by both hands, while she

murmured the sympathetic phrases appropriate to the occasion. As for the younger, who, when her turn came, gave him only one hand and said nothing at all, he saw that she, too, was sorry for him, despite her silence. More than that he could not, and did not, expect.

‘And is what I hear true?’ was Lady Luttrell’s first inquiry. ‘Is it the case, as M. Cayaux affirms, that you mean to shut up your house and go away for an uncertain length of time? I hope not!’

‘It is very amiable on your part, madame, to wish that I should stay here,’ answered Raoul, with his grave smile, ‘but I hardly know how I should occupy my time if I were to do that. It is essential for a solitary man to have occupation of some sort, and that of a soldier is the only one of which I have any knowledge. So I have come to take leave of you and to thank you very sincerely for all the kindness that you have shown me.’

To the interior of Africa it was not necessary to allude; nor did Lady Luttrell imagine that anything more than a temporary change of scene was in the young man’s mind. She could quite understand, she remarked, after he had sat down, his wish to escape for a time from surroundings which must of necessity be painful to him; but with a property so large as his had become, it would of course be impossible for him to absent himself indefinitely, and the management of it would doubtless, in the long run, provide him with all the occupation that he could require. She had a good deal to say in that sense—and scarcely a word of it did he hear, his whole attention being engrossed by a furtive contemplation of Madeline, who, with her back to the light and her hands loosely clasped upon her knees, sat facing him.

At the expiration of ten minutes or so Lady Luttrell abruptly rose.

‘I must beg you to excuse me for a moment,’ she said; ‘I am obliged to run away and scribble a few letters before the post leaves. But please do not go away until I return; I must say a word to you about a small matter of business, if this is really to be our last sight of you for the present.’

Such behaviour was a little strange, and would assuredly have been pronounced the reverse of *convenable* by the late Madame de Malglaive; but Raoul was aware that strange customs prevail in English society: added to which, he was too rejoiced at being left alone with Madeline to criticise the propriety of her mother’s conduct.

He was rejoiced; but he was not in the least sanguine. The fact of his having lost his mother since their last meeting could not have changed the feeling of dislike and disdain with which he was regarded by her; still it might prompt her to speak kindly to him, and he wanted to carry away the memory of some kinder speech than that in which she had so emphatically signified to him that he must look elsewhere for his future wife.

'I ought to apologise, mademoiselle,' he began, 'for inflicting my company upon you; but, as Lady Luttrell appears to wish——'

'Oh, her wishes——' interrupted Madeline, and then suddenly stopped. 'Her wishes,' she resumed presently, 'are not always the same as mine; but in this instance they are partly the same, I suppose; for I should have been sorry if you had left the place without my having told you that I do feel for you in your trouble. I believe,' she added, with much generosity, 'that you were really fond of your mother.'

'Yes,' answered Raoul, 'I was really fond of my mother. You mean, perhaps, that you do not believe in my being really fond of anybody else, except myself.'

'I have no means of knowing—what does it signify?'

'It does not signify to you, mademoiselle; but it signifies a great deal to me. Imagine that there is one person in the world whom you not only love, but worship, and that that person not only does not love you, but despises you. Would you not wish him to think a little better of you, if he could? That would do him no harm and would make some difference to your happiness, would it not?'

'I think you use rather exaggerated language,' answered Madeline. 'I do not want to say anything unpleasant; I would much rather say something pleasant and friendly, now that you are going away. But I cannot say what is untrue, and I am afraid I cannot pretend to believe what is incredible.'

'What do you call incredible?' asked Raoul eagerly. 'You cannot mean my love for you!'

'Yes; that is what I mean, since you force me to say so. It is not the sort of love that I care to have. It has been given, as you know, to so many other women before you ever saw me—and since.'

'Ah, no!' he exclaimed. 'You wrong me there, and you would not speak in that way if you understood!'

He tried to make her understand; he related to her, as honestly as his respect for her presumed innocence and ignorance would permit, the story of his past life; he did his best to persuade her that, although his senses had been reached by other women, his heart had never belonged, and never could belong, to any one but her. And, to tell the truth, he very nearly succeeded; for she loved the man and had already half forgiven him. However, she had to steel her heart against his eloquence by the memory of his intrigues with Madame de Castelmoron and her anonymous correspondent, as well as by the more recent memory of a rather stormy conversation with her mother that very morning. Even if she could have conquered her pride so far as to condone the past, she could not have consented to marry Raoul de Malglaive in order that the fallen fortunes of her family might be retrieved. For the rest, he did not ask her to marry him: that he appeared to take it for granted that she would never do. All he begged was that she would judge him a little less harshly in her thoughts for the future; and she had just made the required concession when Lady Luttrell re-entered the room.

The eager questions discernible in Lady Luttrell's eyes met with no decisive response. Those worn-out eyes of hers, which had to be supplemented by glasses now before they would do the work demanded of them, saw only a young man and a young woman who were apparently upon terms of amity, but whose respective chairs were separated by a wider space than could have been wished. Nor were her ears gladdened by any such announcement as she had fondly anticipated. It was impossible to tell whether what ought to have taken place during her absence had taken place or not; yet when Raoul got up, nothing could be more distressingly evident than that his plans remained unaltered. For, as he took the hand extended to him by Madeline and bent over it, with his heels together, in an attitude which we in our country only assume on being honoured by the recognition of some member of the reigning dynasty, all he said was:

‘Adieu, mademoiselle, and a thousand thanks!’

For what imaginary boon did he owe a thousand thanks to a girl who had but too obviously thrown away chances at which every consideration of duty and expediency should have prompted her to grasp? Lady Luttrell, with rage in her heart and a smile upon her lips, postponed putting that query to a more convenient season and said pleasantly:

'About that little matter of business that I mentioned just now? Can you spare me five minutes?'

M. de Malglaive was courteously willing to spare as many minutes as her ladyship might require, and he had no difficulty in divining the nature of the business matter which was about to be unfolded to him.

However, she did not immediately embark upon it after she had led him into an adjoining room, where Sir Robert, in days gone by, had been wont to attend to correspondence and about which a faint odour of cigar-smoke still clung. She had to begin by eliciting from him statements which confirmed her fears and by futile assurances that it would be a great mistake on his part to let initial failure discourage him. Girls so seldom know their own mind; Madeline, in particular, was a little wilful by nature and had been rendered more so through the baneful influence which her eccentric sister-in-law had obtained over her; she really must not be taken as literally meaning all the absurd things that she said!

He cut these assurances short and demonstrated their futility by replying: 'Madame, I am infinitely obliged to you; but I have not the pretensions which you ascribe to me. From the moment that your daughter has no love for me—and she has convinced me that she has none—it only remains for me to withdraw. As to the question upon which you wished to speak to me, may I assume that it has reference to the mortgage held by my mother upon this house?'

Poor Lady Luttrell, mortified and humiliated, was fain to confess that it had.

'Cayaux has been here, and has been almost insolent—he who used to crawl to my feet and declare that it was an honour and a privilege to serve me! What can I do? I have never been accustomed to poverty; I hardly understand yet what it means. All I know is that I cannot pay away what I have not got. And it seems that I have already overdrawn my account; the bankers write——'

'Madame,' interrupted Raoul, to whose cheeks a dark flush had slowly risen, 'if M. Cayaux has permitted himself to be insolent to you, you may rely upon it that he has acted without my knowledge or sanction, and that he will have no opportunity of repeating the offence. I shall take my affairs out of his hands at once.'

‘No, no; you must not do that! If you can afford to quarrel with the man, I, unhappily, cannot; he has raised money for me in various quarters, and I do not wish to make him my enemy. Only you might perhaps—remembering that your mother and I were old friends and that I am hard pressed for the moment—you might perhaps give him instructions——’

Alas! why is it impossible to offer money, or the equivalent of money, to those for whom one would gladly shed one’s heart’s blood? Lady Luttrell was Madeline’s mother, and to Raoul de Malglaive Madeline represented much more than the value of his not very valuable life. Yet all he could do was to promise that the annoyance to which his petitioner had been subjected should not recur and to apologise for the over-zealous conduct of his representative in endeavouring to collect unimportant arrears.

‘Probably M. Cayaux misunderstood me, and imagined that I wanted everything to be set in order before I left. I will take care that you shall not be troubled by him again, and I trust you will think no more about it.’

Lady Luttrell could not repress a sigh of relief. ‘If you knew how terribly I have been worried, and how everything seems to be going wrong with me! I had hoped—but if that is not to be, I will say no more. And, since it is not to be, I must make other arrangements, I suppose. When I have only myself to think of, questions of expense will be more manageable, and I shall be able to pay what I owe you.’

He winced ever so slightly; for Madeline’s marriage to another man, though he knew it to be inevitable, was not a prospect upon which he could allow his mind to dwell without wincing. But he kept up appearances, and, having little more to say, said little more. Lady Luttrell was sorry for him, though of course not quite so sorry as she was for herself; his conduct, she admitted after he had taken his leave, had been perfect.

The conduct of her daughter, however, had been very far from that; and it seemed nothing short of a duty to let the girl know at once, in trenchant language, how selfishly, wantonly, and irretrievably she had played the idiot.

The little scene which ensued shall, with the reader’s kind permission, be omitted from this unpretending record of the fortunes and misfortunes of the Luttrell family. Do we not all—we, that is, of the so-called sterner sex—hasten to beat an ignominious retreat when we see that there is going to be a row

amongst the women-folk? It is not pleasant to assist at such rows, which will occur from time to time in the best regulated families, and which are more painful, perhaps, to lookers-on than to the actual combatants. Undignified and discreditable things are apt to be said in the course of them which it is well not to hear, or, having heard, to forget. Lady Luttrell, taking her altogether, was a good woman and a good mother: why should anybody wish to see her behaving as if she were neither? Moreover, a dispassionate and disinterested critic may be willing to admit that she had been sorely tried. To be within grasp of the solution of all one's difficulties and anxieties, and to be defeated by the obstinate perversity of a girl who refuses to recognise on which side her bread is buttered—it must be confessed that this is enough to upset the sweetest of tempers.

So tears were shed that evening at the Château de Grancy, and inmates of that heavily mortgaged residence, who really did not deserve so very much blame, were severely condemned. Never shall we be able to do justice to one another here below, try as we may; but it is always a comfort to feel that we individually are in the right, and both Lady Luttrell and Madeline took that consolatory conviction to bed with them.

(To be continued.)

